

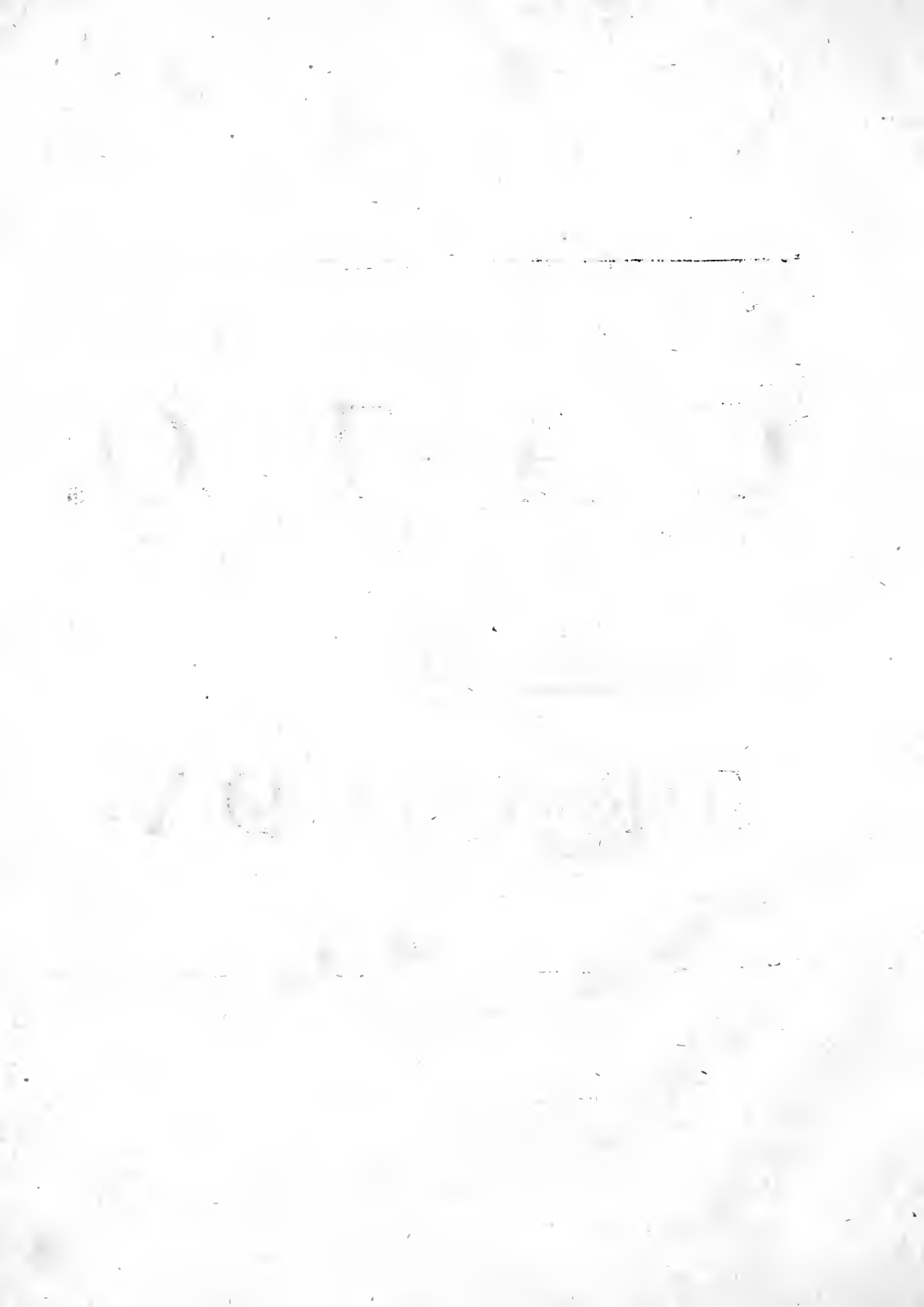
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C A T O.

A

TRAGEDY.



C A T O.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,

B Y

Her M A J E S T Y's Servants.

By Mr. *A D D I S O N*.

*Ecce Spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo,
Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ
compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupi-
ter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quàm ut spectet
Catonem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter ru-
inas publicas erectum.*

Sen. de Divin. Prov.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. TONSON, at *Shakespear's Head* over-
against *Catherine-Street* in the *Strand*. MDCCXIII.

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1713

PROLOGUE.

By Mr. P O P E.

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

TO wake the Soul by tender Strokes of Art,
To raise the Genius, and to mend the Heart,
To make Mankind in conscious Virtue bold,
Live o'er each Scene, and Be what they behold:
For this the Tragic-Muse first trod the Stage,
Commanding Tears to stream thro' every Age;
Tyrants no more their Savage Nature kept,
And Foes to Virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our Author shuns by vulgar Springs to move
The Hero's Glory, or the Virgin's Love;
In pitying Love we but our Weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its Woe.
Here Tears shall flow from a more gen'rous Cause,
Such Tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws:

He

PROLOGUE.

*He bids your Breasts with Ancient Ardor rise,
And calls forth Roman Drops from British Eyes.
Virtue confes'd in human Shape he draws,
What Plato Thought, and God-like Cato Was:
No common Object to your Sight displays,
But what with Pleasure Heav'n it self surveys ;
A brave Man struggling in the Storms of Fate,
And greatly falling with a falling State!
While Cato gives his little Senate Laws,
What Bosom beats not in his Country's Cause ?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry Deed ?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal Cars,
The Spoils of Nations, and the Pomp of Wars,
Ignobly Vain, and impotently Great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's Figure drawn in State;
As her dead Father's rev'rend Image past,
The Pomp was darken'd, and the Day o'ercast,
The Triumph ceas'd——Tears gush'd from ev'ry Eye,
The World's great Victor past unheeded by ;
Her Last good Man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's Sword.*

*Britains attend : Be Worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the Virtue to be mov'd.
With honest Scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning Arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd ;*

Our

PROLOGUE.

*Our Scene precariously subsists too long
On French Translation, and Italian Song.
Dare to have Sense your selves, Assert the Stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own Native Rage.
Such Plays alone should please a British Ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

CATO.

Lucius, *a Senator.*

Sempronius, *a Senator.*

Juba, *Prince of Numidia.*

Syphax, *General of the Numidians.*

Portius, } *Sons of Cato.*
Marcus, }

Decius, *Ambassador from Cæsar.*

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

Mr. Booth.

Mr. Keen.

Mr. Mills.

Mr. Wilks.

Mr. Cibber.

Mr. Powell.

Mr. Ryan.

Mr. Bowman.

W O M E N.

Marcia, *Daughter to Cato.*

Lucia, *Daughter to Lucius.*

Mrs. Oldfield.

Mrs. Porter.

SCENE *a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of Utica.*

CATO

C A T O.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Portius, Marcus.

Por. **T**HE Dawn is over-cast, the Morning low'rs,
 And heavily in Clouds brings on the Day,
 The great, th' important Day; big with the Fate
 Of *Cato* and of *Rome*.—Our Father's Death
 Would fill up all the Guilt of Civil War,
 And close the Scene of Blood. Already *Cæsar*
 Has ravaged more than half the Globe, and sees
 Mankind grown thin by his destructive Sword:
 Should he go further, Numbers would be wanting
 To form new Battels, and support his Crimes.
 Ye Gods, what Havock does Ambition make
 Among your Works!

Marc. Thy steady Temper, *Portius*,
 Can look on Guilt, Rebellion, Fraud, and *Cæsar*,
 In the calm Lights of mild Philosophy;
 I'm tortured, ev'n to Madness, when I think
 On the proud Victor: ev'ry Time he's named
Pharsalia rises to my View—I see

B

Th' In-

Th' Insulting Tyrant prancing o'er the Field
 Strow'd with *Rome's* Citizens, and drench'd in Slaughter,
 His Horse's Hoofs wet with Patrician Blood:
 Oh *Portius*, is there not some chosen Curse,
 Some hidden Thunder in the Stores of Heav'n,
 Red with uncommon Wrath, to blast the Man
 Who owes his Greatness to his Country's Ruin?

Por. Believe me, *Marcus*, 'tis an impious Greatness,
 And mixt with too much Horrour to be envy'd:
 How does the Lustre of our Father's Actions,
 Through the dark Cloud of Ills that cover him,
 Break out, and burn with more triumphant Brightness!
 His Suff'rings shine, and spread a Glory round him;
 Greatly unfortunate, he fights the Cause
 Of Honour, Virtue, Liberty, and *Rome*.
 His Sword ne'er fell but on the Guilty Head;
 Oppression, Tyranny, and Pow'r usurp'd,
 Draw all the Vengeance of his Arm upon 'em.

Marc. Who knows not this? But what can *Cato* do
 Against a World, a base degenerate World,
 That courts the Yoke, and bows the Neck to *Cæsar*?
 Pent up in *Utica* he vainly forms
 A poor Epitome of *Roman* Greatness,
 And, cover'd with *Numidian* Guards, directs
 A feeble Army, and an empty Senate,
 Remnants of mighty Battels fought in vain.
 By Heav'n's, such Virtues, join'd with such Success,
 Distract my very Soul: Our Father's Fortune
 Wou'd almost tempt us to renounce his Precepts.

Por. Remember what our Father oft has told us:
 The Ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate,
 Puzzled in Mazes, and perplext with Errors;
 Our Understanding traces 'em in vain,
 Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless Search;
 Nor sees with how much Art the Windings run,
 Nor where the regular Confusion ends.

Marc.

Marc. These are Suggestions of a Mind at Ease:
 Oh *Portius*, didst thou taste but half the Grievs
 That wring my Soul, thou cou'dst not talk thus coldly,
 Passion unpity'd, and successless Love
 Plant Daggers in my Heart, and aggravate
 My other Grievs. Were but my *Lucia* kind! ———

Por. Thou see'st not that thy Brother is thy Rival:
 *But I must hide it, for I know thy Temper. [Aside.

Now, *Marcus*, now, thy Virtue's on the Proof:
 Put forth thy utmost Strength, work ev'ry Nerve,
 And call up all thy Father in thy Soul:
 To quell the Tyrant Love, and guard thy Heart
 On this weak Side, where most our Nature fails,
 Would be a Conquest worthy *Cato's* Son.

Marc. *Portius*, the Council which I cannot take,
 Instead of healing, but upbraids my Weakness.
 Bid me for Honour plunge into a War
 Of thickest Foes, and rush on certain Death,
 Then shalt thou see that *Marcus* is not slow
 To follow Glory, and confess his Father.
 Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
 In high Ambition, and a Thirst of Greatness;
 'Tis second Life, it grows into the Soul,
 Warms ev'ry Vein, and beats in ev'ry Pulse,
 I feel it here: My Resolution melts——

Por. Behold young *Juba*, the *Numidian* Prince!
 With how much Care he forms himself to Glory,
 And breaks the Fierceness of his Native Temper
 To copy out our Father's bright Example.
 He loves our Sister *Marcia*, greatly loves her,
 His Eyes, his Looks, his Actions all betray it:
 But still the smother'd Fondness burns within him.
 When most it swells and labours for a Vent,
 The Sense of Honour and Desire of Fame
 Drive the big Passion back into his Heart.
 What! shall an *African*, shall *Juba's* Heir
 Reproach great *Cato's* Son, and show the World

A Virtue wanting in a *Roman* Soul?

Marc. Portius, no more! your Words leave Stings behind 'em.
When-e're did *Juba*, or did *Portius*, shew
A Virtue that has cast me at a Distance,
And thrown me out in the Pursuits of Honour?

Por. Marcus, I know thy generous Temper well;
Fling but the Appearance of Dishonour on it,
It strait takes Fire, and mounts into a Blaze.

Marc. A Brother's Suff'rings claim a Brother's Pity.

Por. Heav'n knows I pity thee: Behold my Eyes
Ev'n whilst I speak.—Do they not swim in Tears?
Were but my Heart as naked to thy View,
Marcus would see it bleed in his Behalf.

Marc. Why then dost treat me with Rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling Cares and friendly Sorrow?

Por. O *Marcus*, did I know the Way to ease
Thy troubled Heart, and mitigate thy Pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Marc. Thou best of Brothers, and thou best of Friends!
Pardon a weak distemper'd Soul, that swells
With sudden Gusts, and sinks as soon in Calms,
The Sport of Passions——But *Sempronius* comes:
He must not find this Softness hanging on me.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Sempronius solus.

Conspiracies no sooner shou'd be form'd
Than executed. What means *Portius* here?
I like not that cold Youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a Language foreign to my Heart.

Sempronius, Portius.

Semp. Good Morrow *Portius*! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are free.
To-Morrow shou'd we thus express our Friendship,
Each might receive a Slave into his Arms:

This

This Sun perhaps, this Morning Sun's the last
That e're shall rise on *Roman* Liberty.

Por. My Father has this Morning call'd together
To this poor Hall his little *Roman* Senate,
(The Leavings of *Pharfalia*) to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty Torrent
That bears down *Rome*, and all her Gods, before it,
Or must at length give up the World to *Cæsar*.

Semp. Not all the Pomp and Majesty of *Rome*
Can raise her Senate more than *Cato's* Presence.
His Virtues render our Assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious Fear,
And make ev'n *Cæsar* tremble at the Head
Of Armies flush'd with Conquest: O my *Portius*,
Could I but call that wondrous Man my Father,
Woud but thy Sister *Marcia* be propitious
To thy Friend's Vows: I might be bless'd indeed!

Por. Alas! *Sempronius*, woudst thou talk of Love
To *Marcia*, whilst her Father's Life's in Danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling Vestal;
When she beholds the holy Flame expiring.

Semp. The more I see the Wonders of thy Race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my *Portius*!
The World has all its Eyes on *Cato's* Son.
Thy Father's Merit sets thee up to View,
And shows thee in the fairest Point of Light,
To make thy Virtues or thy Faults conspicuous.

Por. Well dost thou seem to check my Lingring here
On this important Hour——I'll strait away,
And while the Fathers of the Senate meet
In close Debate, to weigh th' Events of War,
I'll animate the Soldier's drooping Courage,
With Love of Freedom, and Contempt of Life.
I'll thunder in their Ears their Country's Cause,
And try to rouse up all that's *Roman* in 'em.

'Tis not in Mortals to command Success,
But we'll do more, *Sempronius*; we'll deserve it.

[Exit.
Sem-

Sempronius *solus*.

Curse on the Stripling! how he Ape's his Sire?
Ambitiously sententious! — But I wonder
Old *Syphax* comes not; his *Numidian* Genius
Is well dispos'd to Mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
And ev'ry Moment quickned to the Course.
Cato has us'd me Ill: He has refused
His Daughter *Marcia* to my ardent Vows.
Besides, his baffled Arms and ruined Cause
Are Barrs to my Ambition. *Cæsar's* Favour,
That show'rs down Greatness on his Friends, will raise me
To *Rome's* first Honours. If I give up *Cato*,
I claim in my Reward his Captive Daughter.
But *Syphax* comes! ———

S C E N E III.

Syphax, *Sempronius*.

Syph.———*Sempronius*, all is ready,
I've founded my *Numidians*, Man by Man,
And find 'em ripe for a Revolt: They all
Complain aloud of *Cato's* Discipline,
And wait but the Command to change their Master.

Semp. Believe me, *Syphax*, there's no Time to waste;
Ev'n whilst we speak, our Conqueror comes on,
And gathers Ground upon us ev'ry Moment.
Alas! thou know'st not *Cæsar's* active Soul,
With what a dreadful Course he rushes on
From War to War: In vain has Nature form'd
Mountains and Oceans to oppose his Passage;
He bound's o'er all, victorious in his March,
The *Alpes* and *Pyreneans* sink before him;
Through Winds, and Waves, and Storms, he works his Way,
Impa-

Impatient for the Battel : One Day more
Will set the Victor thundring at our Gates.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young *Juba*?
That still wou'd recommend thee more to *Cæsar*,
And challenge better Terms——

Syph.——Alas ! he's lost,
He's lost, *Sempronius* ; all his Thoughts are full
Of *Cato's* Virtues—— But I'll try once more
(For ev'ry Instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn Principles
Of Faith, of Honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his *Numidian* Temper,
And struck th' Infection into all his Soul.

Semp. Be sure to press upon him ev'ry Motive.
Juba's Surrender, since his Father's Death,
Would give up *Africk* into *Cæsar's* Hands,
And make him Lord of Half the burning Zone.

Syph. But is it true, *Sempronius*, that your Senate
Is call'd together? Gods! Thou must be cautious!
Cato has piercing Eyes, and will discern
Our Frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with Art.

Semp. Let me alone, good *Syphax*, I'll conceal
My Thoughts in Passion, ('tis the surest Way ;)
I'll bellow out for *Rome* and for my Country,
And mouth at *Cæsar* 'till I shake the Senate.
Your cold Hypocrisie's a stale Device,
A worn-out Trick: Wouldst thou be thought in Earnest?
Cloath thy feign'd Zeal in Rage, in Fire, in Fury!

Syph. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct Grey-hairs,
And teach the wily *African* Deceit!

Semp. Once more, be sure to try thy Skill on *Juba*:
Mean while I'll hasten to my *Roman* Soldiers,
Inflame the Mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their Discontents, till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on *Cato*.
Remember, *Syphax*, we must work in Haste :
O think what anxious Moments pass between

The Birth of Plots, and their last fatal Periods.
 Oh! 'tis a dreadful Interval of Time,
 Fill'd up with Horror all, and big with Death!
 Destruction hangs on ev'ry Word we speak,
 On ev'ry Thought, 'till the concluding Stroke
 Determines all, and closes our Design.

[Exit.

Syphax solus.

I'll try if yet I can reduce to Reason
 This head-strong Youth, and make him spurn at *Cato*.
 The Time is short, *Cæsar* comes rushing on us——
 But hold! young *Juba* sees me, and approaches.

S C E N E IV.

Juba, Syphax.

Jub. *Syphax*, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
 I have observed of late thy Looks are fall'n,
 O'ercast with gloomy Cares, and Discontent;
 Then tell me, *Syphax*, I conjure thee, tell me,
 What are the Thoughts that knit thy Brow in Frowns,
 And turn thine Eye thus coldly on thy Prince?

Syph. 'Tis not my Talent to conceal my Thoughts,
 Nor carry Smiles and Sun-shine in my Face,
 When Discontent sits heavy at my Heart.
 I have not yet so much the *Roman* in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous Terms
 Against the Lords and Sov'reigns of the World?
 Dost thou not see Mankind fall down before 'em,
 And own the Force of their Superior Virtue?
 Is there a Nation in the Wilds of *Africk*,
 Amidst our barren Rocks and burning Sands,
 That does not tremble at the *Roman* Name?

Syph. Gods! where's the Worth that sets this People up
 Above your own *Numidia's* tawny Sons!

Do

Do they with tougher Sinews bend the Bow?
 Or flies the Javelin swifter to its Mark,
 Launch'd from the Vigour of a *Roman* Arm?
 Who like our active *African* instructs
 The fiery Steed, and trains him to his Hand?
 Or guide's in Troops th' embattled Elephant,
 Loaden with War? These, these are Arts, my Prince,
 In which your *Zama* does not stoop to *Rome*.

Jub. These all are Virtues of a meaner Rank,
 Perfections that are placed in Bones and Nerves.
 A *Roman* Soul is bent on higher Views:
 To civilize the rude unpolish'd World,
 And lay it under the Restraint of Laws;
 To make Man mild and sociable to Man;
 To cultivate the wild licentious Savage
 With Wisdom, Discipline, and lib'ral Arts;
 Th' Embellishments of Life: Virtues like these
 Make Human Nature shine, reform the Soul,
 And break our fierce Barbarians into Men.

Syph. Patience kind Heav'ns! — Excuse an old Man's warmth.
 What are these wond'rous civilizing Arts,
 This *Roman* Polish, and this smooth Behaviour,
 That render Man thus tractable and tame?
 Are they not only to disguise our Passions,
 To set our Looks at variance with our Thoughts,
 To check the Starts and Sallies of the Soul,
 And break off all its Commerce with the Tongue;
 In short, to change us into other Creatures
 Than what our Nature and the Gods design'd us?

Jub. To strike thee Dumb: Turn up thy Eyes to *Cato*!
 There may'st thou see to what a Godlike Height
 The *Roman* Virtues lift up mortal Man.
 While good, and just, and anxious for his Friends,
 He's still severely bent against himself;
 Renouncing Sleep, and Rest, and Food, and Ease,
 He strives with Thirst and Hunger, Toil and Heat;
 And when his Fortune sets before him all

The Poms and Pleasures that his Soul can wish,
His rigid Virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, there's not an *African*
That traverses our vast *Numidian* Desarts
In quest of Prey, and lives upon his Bow,
But better practises these boasted Virtues.
Coarse are his Meals, the Fortune of the Chase,
Amidst the running Stream he slakes his Thirst,
Toil's all the Day, and at th' approach of Night
On the first friendly Bank he throws him down,
Or rests his Head upon a Rock 'till Morn :
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted Game,
And if the following Day he chance to find
A new Repast, or an untasted Spring,
Blesses his Stars, and thinks it Luxury.

Jub. Thy Prejudices, *Syphax*, won't discern
What Virtues grow from Ignorance and Choice,
Nor how the Hero differs from the Brute.
But grant that others cou'd with equal Glory
Look down on Pleasures and the Baits of Sense;
Where shall we find the Man that bears Affliction,
Great and Majestick in his Grievs, like *Cato*?
Heav'ns, with what Strength, what Steadiness of Mind,
He Triumphs in the midst of all his Sufferings!
How does he rise against a Load of Woes,
And thank the Gods that throw the Weight upon him!

Syph. 'Tis Pride, rank Pride, and Haughtiness of Soul :
I think the *Romans* call it *Stoicism*.

Had not your Royal Father thought so highly
Of *Roman* Virtue, and of *Cato's* Cause,
He had not fall'n by a Slave's Hand inglorious :
Nor would his slaughter'd Army now have lain
On *Africk's* Sands, disfigur'd with their Wounds,
To gorge the Wolves and Vultures of *Numidia*.

Jub. Why do'st thou call my Sorrows up afresh?
My Father's Name brings Tears into my Eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your Father's ills!

Jub.

Jub. What wou'dst thou have me do?

Syph. Abandon *Cato*.

Jub. *Syphax*, I shou'd be more than twice an Orphan
By such a Loss.

Syph. Ay, there's the Tie that binds you!
You long to call him Father. *Marcia's* Charms
Work in your Heart unseen, and plead for *Cato*.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

Jub. *Syphax*, your Zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Least it should take more Freedom than I'll give it.

Syph. Sir, your great Father never used me thus.
Alas, he's Dead! But can you e'er forget
The tender Sorrows, and the Pangs of Nature,
The fond Embraces, and repeated Blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last Farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear sad Remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my Soul.
The good old King, at parting, wrung my Hand,
(His Eyes brim-full of Tears) then sighing cry'd,
Prithce be careful of my Son! — his Grief
Swell'd up so high he cou'd not utter more.

Jub. Alas, thy Story melts away my Soul.
That best of Fathers! how shall I discharge
The Gratitude and Duty, which I owe him!

Syph. By laying up his Councils in your Heart.

Jub. His Councils bade me yield to thy Directions:
Then, *Syphax*, chide me in severest Terms,
Vent all thy Passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a Summer-Sea,
When not a Breath of Wind flie's o'er its Surface.

Syph. Alas, my Prince, I'd guide you to your Safety.

Jub. I do believe thou wou'dst; but tell me how?

Syph. Fly from the Fate that follows *Cæsar's* Foes.

Jub. My Father scorn'd to do't.

Syph. And therefore dy'd.

Jub. Better to die ten thousand thousand Deaths,
Than wound my Honour.

Syph. Rather say your Love.

Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my Temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a Flame,
I long have stifled, and wou'd fain conceal?

Syph. Believe me, Prince, 'tis hard to conquer Love,
But easie to divert and break its Force:
Absence might cure it, or a second Mistress
Light up another Flame, and put out this.
The glowing Dames of *Zama's* Royal Court
Have Faces flush'd with more exalted Charms.
The Sun, that rolls his Chariot o'er their Heads,
Works up more Fire and Colour in their Cheeks:
Were you with these, my Prince, you'd soon forget
The pale unripen'd Beauties of the *North*.

Jub. 'Tis not a Sett of Features, or Complexion,
The Tincture of a Skin, that I admire.
Beauty soon grows familiar to the Lover,
Fades in his Eye, and palls upon the Sense.
The virtuous *Marcia* tow'rs above her Sex:
True, she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely Maid improves her Charms
With inward Greatness, unaffected Wisdom,
And Sanctity of Manners. *Cato's* Soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning Mildness and attractive Smiles
Dwell in her Looks, and with becoming Grace
Softens the Rigour of her Father's Virtues.

Syph. How does your Tongue grow wanton in her Praise!
But on my Knees I beg you wou'd consider——

Enter Marcia and Lucia.

Jub. Hah! *Syphax*, is't not she!—— She moves this Way:
And with her *Lucia*, *Lucius's* fair Daughter,
My Heart beats thick—— I prithee *Syphax* leave me.

Syph.

Syph. Ten thousand Curses fasten on 'em both!
Now will this Woman with a single Glance
Undo what I've been lab'ring all this while.

[Exit.]

Juba, Marcia, Lucia.

Jub. Hail charming Maid, how does thy Beauty smoothe
The Face of War, and make ev'n Horror smile!
At Sight of thee my Heart shakes off its Sorrows,
I feel a Dawn of Joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' Approach of *Cæsar*.

Marc. I shou'd be griev'd, young Prince, to think my Presence
Unbent your Thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to Arms,
While, warm with Slaughter, our victorious Foe,
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the Field.

Jub. O *Marcia*, let me hope thy kind Concerns
And gentle Wishes follow me to Battell!
The Thought will give new Vigour to my Arm,
Add Strength and Weight to my descending Sword,
And drive it in a Tempest on the Foe.

Marc. My Prayers and Wishes always shall attend
The Friends of *Rome*, the glorious Cause of Virtue,
And Men approv'd of by the Gods and *Cato*.

Jub. That *Juba* may deserve thy pious Cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy Godlike Father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my Life
His bright Perfections, 'till I shine like him.

Marc. My Father never at a Time like this
Wou'd lay out his great Soul in Words, and waste
Such precious Moments.

Jub. Thy Reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous Maid, I'll hasten to my Troops,
And fire their languid Souls with *Cato's* Virtue;
If e're I lead them to the Field, when all
The War shall stand ranged in its just Array,
And dreadful Pomp: Then will I think on thee!
O lovely Maid, Then will I think on Thee!

And, in the shock of charging Hosts, remember
What glorious Deeds shou'd grace the Man, who hopes
For *Marcia's* Love.

[Exit.

Luc. *Marcia*, you're too severe :
How cou'd you chide the young good-natured Prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an Air,
A Prince that loves and dotes on you to Death ?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, *Lucia*, that I chide him from me.
His Air, his Voice, his Looks, and honest Soul
Speak all so movingly in his Behalf,
I dare not trust my self to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a Passion,
And feel your Heart to such a World of Charms ?

Mar. How, *Lucia*, wou'dst thou have me sink away
In pleasing Dreams, and lose my self in Love,
When ev'ry moment *Cato's* Life's at Stake ?
Cesar comes arm'd with Terror and Revenge,
And aims his Thunder at my Father's Head :
Shou'd not the sad Occasion swallow up
My other Cares, and draw them all into it ?

Luc. Why have not I this Constancy of Mind,
Who have so many Grievs to try its Force ?
Sure, Nature form'd me of her softest Mould,
Enfeebled all my Soul with tender Passions,
And sunk me ev'n below my own weak Sex :
Pity and Love, by turns, oppress my Heart.

Mar. *Lucia*, disburthen all thy Cares on me,
And let me share thy most retired Distress ;
Tell me who raises up this Conflict in thee ?

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're *Marcia's* Brothers, and the Sons of *Cato*.

Mar. They both behold thee with their Sister's Eyes :
And often have reveal'd their Passion to me.
But tell me, whose Address thou favour'st most ?
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it *Marcia* wishes for ?

Mar. For neither—

And

And yet for both——The Youths have equal Share
In *Marcia's* Wishes, and divide their Sister:
But tell me which of them is *Lucia's* Choice?

Luc. *Marcia*, they both are high in my Esteem,
But in my Love——Why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish Passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what.

Mar. O *Lucia*, I'm perplex'd, O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy Brother?

Luc. Suppose 'twere *Portius*, cou'd you blame my Choice?
O *Portius*, thou hast stol'n away my Soul!
With what a graceful Tenderness he loves!
And breath's the softest, the sincerest Vows!
Complacency, and Truth, and manly Sweetness
Dwell ever on his Tongue, and smooth his Thoughts.

Marcus is over-warm, his fond Complaints
Have so much Earnestness and Passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of Dread,
And tremble at his Vehemence of Temper.

Mar. Alas poor Youth! how can'st thou throw him from thee?

Lucia, thou know'st not half the Love he bears thee;
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his Heart's in Flames,
He sends out all his Soul in ev'ry Word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.
Unhappy Youth! how will thy Coldness raise
Tempests and Storms in his afflicted Bosom!

I dread the Consequence——

Luc. You seem to plead
Against your Brother *Portius*——

Mar. Heav'n forbid!

Had *Portius* been the unsuccessful Lover,
The same Compassion wou'd have fall'n on him.

Luc. Was ever Virgin Love distress'd like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in Tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his Rival's ill Success.
Then bids me hide the Motions of my Heart,
Nor show which Way it turns. So much he fears

The sad Effects, that it would have on *Marcus*.

Mar. He knows too well how easily he's fired,
And wou'd not plunge his Brother in Despair,
But waits for happier Times, and kinder Moments.

Luc. Alas, too late I find my self involved
In endless Grievs and Labyrinths of Woe,
Born to afflict my *Marcia's* Family,
And sow Dissention in the Hearts of Brothers.
Tormenting Thought! it cuts into my Soul.

Mar. Let us not, *Lucia*, aggravate our Sorrows,
But to the Gods permit th' Event of Things.
Our Lives, discolour'd with our present Woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier Hours.

So the pure limpid Stream, when foul with Stains
Of rushing Torrents, and descending Rains,
Work's it self clear, and as it runs, refines;
'Till by Degrees, the floating Mirrour shines,
Reflects each Flow'r that on the Border grows,
And a new Heav'n in its fair Bosom shows.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the First Act.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Senate.

Sem. **R**OME still survives in this assembled Senate !
 Let us remember we are *Cato's* Friends,
 And act like Men who claim that glorious Title.

Luc. *Cato* will soon be here, and open to us
 Th' Occasion of our Meeting. Hark ! he comes !
 May all the Guardian Gods of *Rome* direct him !

[*A Sound of
 Trumpets.*]

Enter Cato.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in Council.
Cæsar's Approach has summon'd us together,
 And *Rome* attends her Fate from our Resolves :
 How shall we treat this bold aspiring Man ?
 Success still follows him, and backs his Crimes :
Pharsalia gave him *Rome*, *Egypt* has since
 Receiv'd his Yoke, and the whole *Nile* is *Cæsar's*.
 Why should I mention *Juba's* Overthrow,
 And *Scipio's* Death ? *Numidia's* burning Sands
 Still smok with Blood. 'Tis time we should decree
 What Course to take. Our Foe advances on us,
 And envies us ev'n *Libya's* sultry Desarts.
 Fathers, pronounce your Thoughts, are they still fixt
 To hold it out, and fight it to the last ?
 Or are your Hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
 By Time and ill Success to a Submission ?
Sempronius speak.

D

Semp.

Semp. My Voice is still for War.

Gods, can a *Roman* Senate long debate
Which of the two to chuse, Slav'ry or Death !
No, let us rise at once, gird on our Swords,
And, at the Head of our remaining Troops,
Attack the Foe, break through the thick Array
Of his throng'd Legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some Arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his Heart, and free the World from Bondage.
Rise, Fathers, rise; 'tis *Rome* demands your Help ;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd Citizens,
Or share their Fate : The Corps of half her Senate
Manure the Fields of *Thessaly*, while we
Sit here, delib'rating in cold Debates,
If we should sacrifice our Lives to Honour,
Or wear them out in Servitude and Chains.
Rouse up for Shame ! our Brothers of *Pharsalia*
Point at their Wounds, and cry aloud——To Battel !
Great *Pompey's* Shade complain's that we are slow,
And *Scipio's* Ghost walk's unrevenged amongst us.

Cato. Let not a Torrent of impetuous Zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the Bounds of Reason :
True Fortitude is seen in great Exploits
That Justice warrant's, and that Wisdom guide's,
All else is tow'ring Frenzy and Distraction.
Are not the Lives of those, who draw the Sword
In *Rome's* Defence, entrusted to our Care ?
Should we thus lead them to a Field of Slaughter,
Might not th' impartial World with Reason say
We lavisht at our Deaths the Blood of Thousands
To grace our Fall, and make our Ruin glorious ?
Lucius, we next would know what's your Opinion.

Luc. My Thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on Peace.
Already have our Quarrels fill'd the World
With Widows and with Orphans : *Scythia* mourn's
Our guilty Wars, and Earth's remotest Regions
Lie half unpeopled by the Feuds of *Rome* :

'Tis time to sheath the Sword, and spare Mankind.
 It is not *Cæsar*, but the Gods, my Fathers,
 The Gods declare against us, and repell
 Our vain Attempts. To urge the Foe to Battel,
 (Prompted by blind Revenge and wild Despair)
 Were to refuse th' Awards of Providence,
 And not to rest in Heav'n's Determination.
 Already have we shown our Love to *Rome*,
 Now let us show Submission to the Gods.
 We took up Arms, not to revenge our selves,
 But free the Common-wealth; when this End fail's,
 Arms have no further Use : Our Country's Cause,
 That drew our Swords, now wrests 'em from our Hands,
 And bid's us not delight in *Roman* Blood,
 Unprofitably shed ; what Men could do
 Is done already : Heav'n and Earth will witness,
 If *Rome* must fall, that we are innocent.

Semp. This smooth Discourse and mild Behaviour oft
 Conceal a Traytor—— Something whispers me
 All is not right——*Cato*, beware of *Lucius*. [*Aside to Cato.*]

Cato. Let us appear nor Rash nor Diffident :
 Immod'rate Valour swell's into a Fault,
 And Fear, admitted into publick Councils,
 Betray's like Treason. Let us shun 'em both.
 Fathers, I cannot see that our Affairs,
 Are grown thus desp'rate. We have Bulwarks round us ;
 Within our Walls are Troops enur'd to Toil
 In *Africk's* Heats, and season'd to the Sun ;
Numidia's spacious Kingdom lie's behind us,
 Ready to rise at its young Prince's Call.
 While there is Hope, do not distrust the Gods ;
 But wait at least till *Cæsar's* near Approach
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
 To sue for Chains, and own a Conqueror.
 Why should *Rome* fall a Moment ere her time ?
 No, let us draw her Term of Freedom out
 In its full Length, and spin it to the last.

So shall we gain still one Day's Liberty ;
 And let me perish, but, in *Cato's* Judgment,
 A Day, an Hour of virtuous Liberty,
 Is worth a whole Eternity in Bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Fathers, this Moment as I watch'd the Gates,
 Lodg'd on my Post, a Herald is arrived
 From *Cæsar's* Camp, and with him comes old *Decius*,
 The *Roman* Knight ; he carry's in his Looks
 Impatience, and demands to speak with *Cato*.

Cato. By your Permission, Fathers, bid him enter.

[*Exit Marcus.*

Decius was once my Friend, but other Prospects
 Have loos'd those Ties, and bound him fast to *Cæsar*.
 His Message may determine our Resolves.

Enter Decius.

Dec. *Cæsar* sends Health to *Cato*——

Cato. Could he send it

To *Cato's* slaughter'd Friends, it would be welcome.
 Are not your Orders to address the Senate ?

Dec. My Business is with *Cato* : *Cæsar* see's
 The Streights to which you're driv'n ; and as he know's
Cato's high Worth, is anxious for his Life.

Cato. My Life is grafted on the Fate of *Rome* :
 Would he save *Cato* ? Bid him spare his Country.
 Tell your Dictator this, and tell him *Cato*
 Disdain's a Life, which he has Pow'r to offer.

Dec. *Rome* and Her Senators submit to *Cæsar* ;
 Her Gen'als and her Consuls are no more,
 Who check'd his Conquests, and denied his Triumphs.
 Why will not *Cato* be this *Cæsar's* Friend ?

Cato. Those very Reasons, thou hast urg'd, forbid it.

Dec.

Dec. Cato, I've Orders to expostulate,
 And reason with you as from Friend to Friend :
 Think on the Storm that gather's o'er your Head,
 And threaten's ev'ry Hour to burst upon it ;
 Still may you stand high in your Country's Honours,
 Do but comply, and make your Peace with *Cæsar*.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its Eyes on *Cato*,
 As on the Second of Mankind.

Cato. No more !
 I must not think of Life on such Conditions.
Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your Virtues,
 And therefore sets this Value on your Life :
 Let him but know the Price of *Cato's* Friendship,
 And name your Terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his Legions,
 Restore the Common-wealth to Liberty,
 Submit his Actions to the Publick Censure,
 And stand the Judgment of a *Roman* Senate.
 Bid him do this, and *Cato* is his Friend.

Dec. Cato, the World talk's loudly of your Wisdom—

Cato. Nay more, tho' *Cato's* Voice was ne'er employ'd
 To clear the Guilty, and to varnish Crimes,
 My self will mount the *Rostrum* in his Favour,
 And strive to gain his Pardon from the People.

Dec. A Stile like this become's a Conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a Stile like this become's a *Roman*.

Dec. What is a *Roman*, that is *Cæsar's* Foe ?

Cato. Greater than *Cæsar*, he's a Friend to Virtue.

Dec. Consider, *Cato*, you're in *Utica* ;
 And at the Head of your own little Senate ;
 You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
 With all the Mouths of *Rome* to second you.

Cato. Let him consider That who drives us hither :
 'Tis *Cæsar's* Sword has made *Rome's* Senate little,
 And thinn'd its Ranks. Alas, thy dazzled Eye
 Behold's this Man in a false glaring Light,
 Which Conquest and Success have thrown upon him ;

Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
 With Murder, Treason, Sacrilege, and Crimes,
 That strike my Soul with Horror but to name 'em.
 I know thou look'st on me, as on a Wretch
 Beset with Ills, and cover'd with Misfortunes ;
 But, by the Gods I swear, Millions of Worlds
 Shou'd never buy me to be like that *Cæsar*.

Dec. Do's *Cato* send this Answer back to *Cæsar*,
 For all his gen'rous Cares, and proffer'd Friendship?

Cato. His Cares for me are insolent and vain:
 Presumptuous Man! The Gods take Care of *Cato*.
 Wou'd *Cæsar* show the Greatness of his Soul,
 Bid him employ his Care for these my Friends,
 And make good use of his ill-gotten Pow'r,
 By sheltring Men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd Heart make's you forget
 That you're a Man. You rush on your Destruction.
 But I have done. When I relate hereafter
 The Tale of this unhappy Embassie
 All *Rome* will be in Tears. [Exit Decius.]

Semp. *Cato*, we thank thee.
 The mighty Genius of Immortal *Rome*
 Speak's in thy Voice, thy Soul breath's Liberty:
Cæsar will shrink to hear the Words thou utter'st,
 And shudder in the midst of all his Conquests.

Luc. The Senate own's its Gratitude to *Cato*,
 Who with so great a Soul consult's its Safety,
 And guard's our Lives, while he neglect's his own:

Semp. *Sempronius* give's no Thanks on this Account.
Lucius seem's fond of Life; but what is Life?
 'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh Air
 From time to time, or gaze upon the Sun;
 'Tis to be free. When Liberty is gone,
 Life grow's insipid, and has lost its Relish.
 O cou'd my dying Hand but lodge a Sword
 In *Cæsar*'s Bosom, and revenge my Country,

By Heav'n's I cou'denjoy the Pangs of Death,
And Smile in Agony.

Luc. Others perhaps
May serve their Country with as warm a Zeal,
Tho' 'tis not kindled into so much Rage.

Semp. This sober Conduct is a mighty Vertue
In luke-warm Patriots.

Cato. Come! no more, *Sempronius*,
All here are Friends to *Rome*, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker Side,
By our Divisions.

Semp. *Cato*, my Resentments
Are sacrificed to *Rome*——I stand reprov'd.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a Resolve.

Luc. *Cato*, we all go into your Opinion.
Cesar's Behaviour has convinced the Senate
We ought to hold it out till Terms arrive.

Semp. We ought to hold it out till Death; but, *Cato*,
My private Voice is drown'd amid the Senate's.

Cato. Then let us rise, my Friends, and strive to fill
This little Interval, this Pause of Life,
(While yet our Liberty and Fates are doubtful)
With Resolution, Friendship, *Roman* Brav'ry,
And all the Virtues we can crowd into it;
That Heav'n may say, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell——The young *Numidian* Prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our Councils.

[*Ex. Senators.*]

Enter Juba.

Cato. *Juba*, the *Roman* Senate has resolv'd,
Till Time give better Prospects, still to keep
The Sword unsheath'd, and turn its Edge on *Cesar*.

Jub. The Resolution fit's a *Roman* Senate.
But, *Cato*, lend me for a while thy Patience,
And condescend to hear a young Man speak.

My

My Father, when some Days before his Death
 He order'd me to march for *Utica*
 (Alas, I thought not then his Death so near!)
 Wep't o'er me, press'd me in his aged Arms,
 And, as his Grievs gave way, My Son, said he,
 Whatever Fortune shall befall thy Father,
 Be *Cato's* Friend; he'll train thee up to Great
 And Virtuous Deeds: Do but observe him well,
 Thou'lt shun Misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

Cato. *Juba*, thy Father was a worthy Prince,
 And merited, alas! a better Fate;
 But Heav'n thought otherwise.

Juba. My Father's Fate,
 In spite of all the Fortitude, that shine's
 Before my Face, in *Cato's* great Example,
 Subdue's my Soul, and fill's my Eyes with Tears.

Cato. It is an honest Sorrow, and becomes thee.

Juba. My Father drew Respect from foreign Climes:
 The Kings of *Africk* sought him for their Friend;
 Kings far remote, that rule, as Fame report's,
 Behind the hidden Sources of the *Nile*,
 In distant Worlds, on t'other side the Sun:
 Oft have their black Ambassadors appear'd,
 Loaden with Gifts, and fill'd the Courts of *Zama*.

Cato. I am no Stranger to thy Father's Greatness.

Juba. I would not boast the Greatness of my Father,
 But point out new Alliances to *Cato*.
 Had we not better leave this *Utica*,
 To arm *Numidia* in our Cause, and court
 Th' Assistance of my Father's pow'rful Friends?
 Did they know *Cato*, our remotest Kings
 Wou'd pour embattled Multitudes about him;
 Their swarthy Hosts would darken all our Plains,
 Doubling the native Horrour of the War,
 And making Death more grim.

Cato. And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the Sword of *Cæsar*?

Reduced, like *Hannibal*, to seek Relief
From Court to Court, and wander up and down,
A Vagabond in *Africk*!

Jub. Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious, but my forward Cares
Would fain preserve a Life of so much Value.
My Heart is wounded, when I see such Virtue
Afflicted by the Weight of such Misfortunes.

Cato. Thy Nobleness of Soul obliges me.
But know, young Prince, that Valour soar's above
What the World calls Misfortune and Affliction.
These are not Ills; else would they never fall
On Heav'n's first Fav'rites, and the best of Men:
The Gods, in Bounty, work up Storms about us,
That give Mankind Occasion to exert
Their hidden Strength, and throw out into Practice
Virtues, that shun the Day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth Seasons, and the Calms of Life.

Jub. I'm charm'd when e'er thou talk'st! I pant for Virtue!
And all my Soul endeavours at Perfection.

Cato. Dost thou love Watchings, Abstinence, and Toil,
Laborious Virtues all? Learn them from *Cato*:
Success and Fortune must thou learn from *Cesar*.

Jub. The best good Fortune that can fall on *Juba*,
The whole Success, at which my Heart aspires,
Depends on *Cato*.

Cato. What does *Juba* say?
Thy Words confound me.

Jub. I would fain retract them.
Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

Cato. Tell me thy Wish, young Prince; make not my Ear
A Stranger to thy Thoughts.

Jub. Oh, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

Cato. What can *Juba* ask
That *Cato* will refuse!

Jub. I fear to name it.

Marcia ——— inherits all her Father's Virtues.

Cato. What wou'dst thou say?

Jub. *Cato*, thou hast a Daughter.

Cato. Adieu, young Prince: I wou'd not hear a Word
Shou'd lessen thee in my Esteem : Remember
The Hand of Fate is over us, and Heav'n
Exact's Severity from all our Thoughts :
It is not now a Time to talk of aught
But Chains, or Conquest; Liberty, or Death.

[*Exit*.

Enter Syphax.

Syph. How's this, my Prince! What, cover'd with Confusion?
You look as if yon stern Philosopher
Had just now chid you.

Jub. *Syphax*, I'm undone!

Syph. I know it well.

Jub. *Cato* thinks meanly of me.

Syph. And so will all Mankind.

Jub. I've open'd to him

The Weakness of my Soul, my Love for *Marcia*.

Syph. *Cato*'s a proper Person to entrust
A Love-Tale with.

Jub. Oh, I could pierce my Heart,
My foolish Heart! Was ever Wretch like *Juba*?

Syph. Alas, my Prince how are you changed of late!
I've known young *Juba* rise, before the Sun,
To beat the Thicket where the Tyger slept,
Or seek the Lion in his dreadful Haunts :
How did the Colour mount into your Cheeks,
When first you rous'd him to the Chace! I've seen you
Ev'n in the *Lybian* Dog-days hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the Rage
Of Fangs and Claws, and stooping from your Horse
Rivet the panting Savage to the Ground.

Jub. Prithee, no more!

Syph. How wou'd the old King smile

To

To see you weigh the Paws, when tipp'd with Gold,
And throw the shaggy Spoils about your Shoulders!

Jub. Syphax, this old Man's Talk (tho' Honey flow'd
In ev'ry Word) wou'd now lose all its Sweetness.

Cato's displeas'd, and *Marcia* lost for ever!

Syph. Young Prince, I yet cou'd give you good Advice.
Marcia might still be yours.

Jub. What say'st thou, *Syphax*?
By Heav'n's, thou turn'st me all into Attention.

Syph. *Marcia* might still be yours.

Jub. As how, Dear *Syphax*?

Syph. *Juba* command's *Numidia's* hardy Troops,
Mounted on Steeds, unused to the Restraint
Of Curbs or Bits, and fleetier than the Winds:
Give but the Word, we'll snatch this Damsel up,
And bear her off.

Jub. Can such dishonest Thoughts
Rise up in Man! wou'dst thou seduce my Youth
To do an Act that wou'd destroy my Honour?

Syph. Gods, I cou'd tear my Beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary Notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced Men
To real Mischiefs, while they hunt a Shadow.

Jub. Wou'dst thou degrade thy Prince into a Russian?

Syph. The boasted Ancestors of these great Men,
Whose Virtues you admire, were all such Russians.
This Dread of Nations, this Almighty *Rome*,
That comprehends in her wide Empire's Bounds
All under Heav'n, was founded on a Rape.
Your *Scipios*, *Cesar's*, *Pompey's*, and your *Cato's*,
(These Gods on Earth) are all the spurious Brood
Of violated Maids, of ravish'd *Sabines*.

Jub. *Syphax*, I fear that hoary Head of thine
Abound's too much in our *Numidian* Wiles.

Syph. Indeed my Prince, you want to know the World,
You have not read Mankind, your Youth admire's
The Throws and Swellings of a *Roman* Soul,

Cato's bold Flights, th' Extravagance of Virtue.

Jub. If Knowledge of the World makes Man perfidious,
May *Juba* ever live in Ignorance!

Syph. Go, go, you're young.

Jub. Gods, must I tamely bear
This Arrogance unanswer'd! Thou'rt a Traitor,
A false old Traitor.

Syph. I have gone too far.

[*Aside.*

Jub. *Cato* shall know the Baseness of thy Soul.

Syph. I must appease this Storm, or perish in it. [*Aside.*
Young Prince, behold these Locks, that are grown white
Beneath a Helmet in your Father's Battels.

Jub. Those Locks shall ne'er protect thy Insolence.

Syph. Must one rash Word, th' Infirmary of Age,
Throw down the Merit of my better Years?
This the Reward of a whole Life of Service!
Curse on the Boy! How steadily he hears me!

[*Aside.*

Jub. Is it because the Throne of my Fore-fathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that *Numidia's* Crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose Head it shall enclose,
Thou thus presumest to treat thy Prince with Scorn?

Syph. Why will you rive my Heart with such Expressions?
Do's not old *Syphax* follow you to War?
What are his Aims? Why do's he load with Darts
His trembling Hand, and crush beneath a Cask
His wrinkled Brows? What is it he aspires to?
Is it not this? to shed the slow Remains,
His last poor Ebb of Blood in your Defence?

Jub. *Syphax*, no more! I wou'd not hear you talk.

Syph. Not hear me talk! What, when my Faith to *Juba*,
My royal Master's Son, is call'd in question?
My Prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
But whilst I live I must not hold my Tongue,
And languish out old Age in his Displeasure.

Jub. Thou know'st the Way too well into my Heart,
I do believe thee loyal to thy Prince.

Syph.

Syph. What greater Instance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an Action which my Soul abhor's,
And gain you whom you love at any Price.

Jub. Was this thy Motive? I have been too hasty.

Syph. And 'tis for this my Prince has call'd me Traytor.

Jub. Sure thou mistakest; I did not call thee so.

Syph. You did indeed, my Prince, you call'd me Traytor:
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to *Cato*.

Of what, my Prince, wou'd you complain to *Cato*?
That *Syphax* loves you, and wou'd sacrifice
His Life, nay more, his Honour in your Service.

Jub. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me, but indeed
Thy Zeal for *Juba* carried thee too far.
Honour's a sacred Tie, the Law of Kings,
The noble Mind's distinguishing Perfection,
That aid's and strengthens Virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her Actions, where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

Syph. By Heav'n's
I'm raviht when you talk thus, tho' you chide me.
Alas, I've hitherto been used to think
A blind officious Zeal to serve my King
The ruling Principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a Subject's Heart.
Happy the People who preserve their Honour
By the same Duties that oblige their Prince!

Jub. Syphax, thou now begin'st to speak thy self.
Numidia's grown a Scorn among the Nations
For Breach of publick Vows. Our *Punic* Faith
Is infamous, and branded to a Proverb.

Syphax, we'll join our Cares, to purge away
Our Country's Crimes, and clear her Reputation.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, you make old *Syphax* weep
To hear you talk——but 'tis with Tears of Joy.

If e're your Father's Crown adorn your Brows,
Numidia will be blest by *Cato's* Lectures.

Jub.

Jub. Syphax, thy Hand! we'll mutually forget
The Warmth of Youth, and Frowardness of Age:
Thy Prince esteems thy Worth, and loves thy Person.
If e're the Scepter comes into my Hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my Kingdom.

Syph. Why will you overwhelm my Age with Kindness?
My Joy grows burdensome, I sha'n't support it.

Jub. Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest Occasion that may set me right
In *Cato's* Thoughts. I'd rather have that Man
Approve my Deeds, than Worlds for my Admirers. [Exit.

Syphax solus.

Young Men soon give, and soon forget Affronts;
Old Age is slow in both——A false old Traytor!
Those Words, rash Boy, may chance to cost thee dear:
My Heart had still some foolish Fondness for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: Give it to the Winds:——
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine——

Enter Sempronius.

Syph. All hail, *Sempronius*!
Well, *Cato's* Senate is resolv'd to wait
The Fury of a Siege, before it yields.

Semp. Syphax, we both were on the Verge of Fate:
Lucius declared for Peace, and Terms were offer'd
To *Cato* by a Messenger from *Cæsar*.
Shou'd they submit, ere our Designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common Wreck,
Lost in a gen'ral undistinguish'd Ruin.

Syph. But how stands *Cato*?

Semp. Thou hast seen Mount *Atlas*:
While Storms and Tempests thunder on its Brows,
And Oceans break their Billows at its Feet,
It stands unmoved, and glorie's in its Height.

Such

Such is that haughty Man, his tow'ring Soul,
'Midst all the Shocks and Injuries of Fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on *Cæsar*.

Syph. But what's this Messenger?

Semp. I've practis'd with him,
And found a Means to let the Victor know
That *Syphax* and *Sempronius* are his Friends.
But let me now examine in my Turn:
Is *Juba* fixt?

Syph. Yes, but it is to *Cato*.

I've try'd the Force of ev'ry Reason on him,
Sooth'd and carrefs'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Lay'd Safety, Life, and Int'rest in his Sight,
But all are vain, he scorns them all for *Cato*.

Semp. Come, 'tis no Matter, we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty Figure in a Triumph,
And serve to trip before the Victor's Chariot.

Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy *Juba's* Cause, and wishest *Marcia* mine.

Syph. May she be thine as fast as thou wou'dst have her!

Semp. *Syphax*, I love that Woman; tho' I curse
Her and my self, yet spight of me, I love her.

Syph. Make *Cato* sure, and give up *Utica*,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a Trifle.
But are thy Troops prepared for a Revolt?
Do's the Sedition catch from Man to Man,
And run among their Ranks?

Semp. All, all is ready.

The factious Leaders are our Friends, that spread
Murmurs and Discontents among the Soldiers.
They count their toilsome Marches, long Fatigues,
Unusual Fastings, and will bear no more
This Medly of Philosophy and War.
Within an Hour they'll storm the Senate-House.

Syph. Mean while I'll draw up my *Numidian* Troops
Within the Square, to exercise their Arms,
And, as I see Occasion, favour thee.

I laugh to think how your unshaken *Cato*
Will look aghast, while unforeseen Destruction
Pou'rs in upon him thus from every Side.
So, where our wide *Numidian* Wafts extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous Hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the Air, in circling Eddies play,
Tear up the Sands, and sweep whole Plains away.
The helpless Traveller, with wild Surprise,
Sees the dry Defart all around him rise,
And, smother 'd in the dusty Whirlwind Dies.

}

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Marcus and Portius.

Marc. **T**Hanks to my Stars, I have not ranged about
The Wilds of Life, 'ere I could find a Friend;
Nature first pointed out my *Portius* to me,
And early taught me, by her secret Force,
To love thy Person, 'ere I knew thy Merit;
Till, what was Instinct, grew up into Friendship.

Port. *Marcus*, the Friendships of the World are oft
Confed'racies in Vice, or Leagues of Pleasure;
Ours has severest Virtue for its Basis,
And such a Friendship end's not but with Life.

Marc. *Portius*, thou know'st my Soul in all its Weakness;
Then prithee spare me on its tender Side,
Indulge me but in Love, my other Passions
Shall rise and fall by Virtue's nicest Rules.

Port. When Love's well timed, 'tis not a Fault to love.
The Strong, the Brave, the Virtuous, and the Wise,
Sink in the soft Captivity together.
I wou'd not urge thee to dismiss thy Passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its Force,
Till better Times may make it look more graceful.

Marc. Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt
Th' impatient Throbb's and Longings of a Soul,
That pant's, and reach's after distant Good.
A Lover do's not live by vulgar Time:
Believe me, *Portius*, in my *Lucia's* Absence
Life hang's upon me, and become's a Burden;
And yet when I behold the charming Maid

I'm ten-times more undone; while Hope, and Fear,
And Grief, and Rage, and Love, rise up at once,
And with Variety of Pain distract me.

Port. What can thy *Portius* do to give thee Help?

Marc. *Portius*, thou oft enjoy'st the Fair One's Presence:
Then undertake my Cause, and plead it to her
With all the Strength and Heats of Eloquence
Fraternal Love and Friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy Brother languish's to Death,
And fade's away, and wither's in his Bloom;
That he forgets his Sleep, and leath's his Food,
That Youth, and Health, and War are joyless to him:
Describe his anxious Days, and restless Nights,
And all the Torments that thou see'st me suffer.

Port. *Marcus*, I beg thee give me not an Office
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my Temper.

Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my Woes?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly Arm,
To raise me from amidst this Plunge of Sorrows?

Port. *Marcus*, thou can'st not ask what I'd refuse.
But here believe me I've a thousand Reasons——

Marc. I know thou'lt say my Passion's out of Season,
That *Cato's* great Example and Misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my Thoughts.
But what's all this to one who loves like me!

Oh *Portius*, *Portius*, from my Soul I wish
Thou didst but know thy self what 'tis to love!
Then wou'dst thou pity and assist thy Brother.

Port. What shou'd I do! If I disclose my Passion
Our Friendship's at an end: If I conceal it,
The World will call me false to a Friend and Brother. [*Aside.*

Marc. But see where *Lucia* at her wonted Hour,
Amid the cool of yon high Marble Arch,
Enjoys the Noon-day Breeze! Observe her, *Portius*!
That Face, that Shape, those Eyes, that Heav'n of Beauty!
Observe her well, and blame me if thou can'st.

Port. She sees us, and advances——

Marc.

Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, *Portius*,
Thy Brother's Life depends upon thy Tongue.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Did not I see your Brother *Marcus* here?
Why did he fly the Place, and shun my Presence?

Port. Oh, *Lucia*, Language is too faint to show
His Rage of Love; it prey's upon his Life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
His Passions and his Virtues lie confused,
And mixt together in so wild a Tumult,
That the whole Man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heav'n's! wou'd one think 'twere possible for Love
To make such Ravage in a noble Soul!
Oh, *Lucia*, I'm distress'd! my Heart bleeds for him;
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy Presence,
A secret Damp of Grief comes o'er my Thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smilest upon me.

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy Honour, in the Shock
Of Love and Friendship! think betimes, my *Portius*,
Think how the Nuptial Tie, that might ensure
Our mutual Bliss, wou'd raise to such a Height
Thy Brother's Grievs, as might perhaps destroy him.

Port. Alas, poor Youth! what dost thou think, my *Lucia*?
His gen'rous, open, undesigning Heart
Has beg'd his Rival to sollicit for him.
Then do not strike him dead with a Denial,
But hold him up in Life, and cheer his Soul
With the faint glimm'ring of a doubtful Hope:
Perhaps, when we have pass'd these gloomy Hours,
And weather'd out the Storm that beats upon us —

Luc. No, *Portius*, no! I see thy Sister's Tears,
Thy Father's Anguish, and thy Brother's Death,
In the Pursuit of our ill-fated Loves.
And, *Portius*, here I swear, to Heav'n I swear,

To Heav'n, and all the Pow'rs that judge Mankind,
 Never to mix my plighted Hands with thine,
 While such a Cloud of Mischiefs hang's about us.
 But to forget our Loves, and drive thee out
 From all my Thoughts, as far----as I am able

Port. What hast thou said ! I'm thunder-struck !-----Recall
 Those hasty Words, or I am lost for ever.

Luc. Has not the Vow already pass'd my Lips ?
 The Gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in Heav'n.
 May all the Vengeance, that was ever pour'd
 On perjur'd Heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it !

[*After a Pause,*

Port. Fixt in Astonishment, I gaze upon thee;
 Like one just blasted by a Stroak from Heav'n,
 Who pant's for Breath, and stiffen's, yet alive,
 In dreadful Looks: A Monument of Wrath !

Luc. At length I've acted my severest Part,
 I feel the Woman breaking in upon me,
 And melt about my Heart ! my Tears will flow.
 But oh I'll think no more ! the Hand of Fate
 Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

Port. Hard-hearted, cruel Maid !

Luc. Oh stop those Sounds,
 Those killing Sounds ! Why dost thou frown upon me ?
 My Blood run's cold, my Heart forget's to heave,
 And Life its self goe's out at thy Displeasure.
 The Gods forbid us to indulge our Loves,
 But oh ! I cannot bear thy Hate and live !

Port. Talk not of Love, thou never knew'st its Force.
 I've been deluded, led into a Dream
 Of fancied Bliss. O *Lucia*, cruel Maid !
 Thy dreadful Vow, loaden with Death, still sound's
 In my stunn'd Ears. What shall I say or do ?
 Quick, let us part ! Perdition's in thy Presence,
 And Horror dwells about thee !-----Hah, she faints !
 Wretch that I am ! what has my Rashness done !

Lucia, thou injur'd Innocence ! thou best
 And lovely'st of thy Sex ! awake, my *Lucia*,

Or

C A T O.

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Or *Portius* rushe's on his Sword to join thee.

—— Her Imprecations reach not to the Tomb,
They shut not out Society in Death.——

But Hah ! She moves ! Life wander's up and down
Through all her Face, and light's up ev'ry Charm.

Luc. O *Portius*, was this well ! — to frown on her
That lives upon thy Smiles ! to call in Doubt
The Faith of one expiring at thy Feet,

That love's thee more than ever Woman lov'd !
—— What do I say ? My half-recover'd Sense
Forget's the Vow in which my Soul is bound.
Destruction stand's betwixt us ! We must part.

Port. Name not the Word, my frightened Thoughts run back,
And startle into Madness at the Sound.

Luc. What wou'dst thou have me do ? Consider well
The Train of Ills our Love wou'd draw behind it.

Think, *Portius*, think, thou see'st thy dying Brother
Stabb'd at his Heart, and all besmear'd with Blood,
Storming at Heav'n and thee ! Thy awful Sire
Sternly demand's the Cause, th' accursed Cause,
That robb's him of his Son ! poor *Marcia* tremble's,
Then teares her Hair, and frantick in her Griefs
Call's out on *Lucia* ! What cou'd *Lucia* answer ?
Or how stand up in such a Scene of Sorrow !

Port. To my Confusion, and Eternal Grief,
I must approve the Sentence that destroys me.
The Mist that hung about my Mind clear's up,
And now, athwart the Terrors that thy Vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy Charms.
Lovly'st of Women ! Heav'n is in thy Soul,
Beauty and Virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other ! Thou art all Divine !

Luc. *Portius*, no more ! thy Words shoot thro' my Heart,
Melt my Resolves, and turn me all to Love.
Why are those Tears of Fondness in thy Eyes ?
Why heaves thy Heart ? Why swells thy Soul with Sorrow ?

It

It softens me too much — Farewell, my *Portius*,
Farewell, tho' Death is in the Word, For-ever!

Port. Stay, *Lucia*, stay! What do'st thou say? For-ever!

Luc. Have I not sworn? If, *Portius*, thy Success
Must throw thy Brother on his Fate, Farewell,
Oh, how shall I repeat the Word! For-ever!

Port. Thus o'er the dying Lamp th' unsteady Flame
Hang's quiv'ring on a Point, leap's off by Fits,
And fall's again, as loath to quit its Hold
— Thou must not go, my Soul still hover's o'er thee
And can't get loose.

Luc. If the firm *Portius* shake
To hear of Parting, think what *Lucia* suffer's!

Port. 'Tis true; unruffled and serene I've met
The common Accidents of Life, but here
Such an unlook'd for Storm of Ills fall's on me,
It beat's down all my Strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

Luc. What do'st thou say? Not part?
Hast thou forgot the Vow that I have made?
Are there not Heav'ns and Gods and Thunder o'er us!
— But see thy Brother *Marcus* bend's this way!
I sicken at the Sight. Once more, Farewell,
Farewell, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st
Ever was Love, or ever Grief, like mine. [Exit.

Enter Marcus,

Marc. *Portius*, what Hopes? how stands She? Am I doom'd
To Life or Death?

Port. What wou'dst thou have me say?

Marc. What mean's this pensive Posture? thou appear'st
Like one amazed and terrified.

Port. I've Reason.

Marc. Thy down-cast Looks, and thy disorder'd Thoughts
Tell me my Fate. I ask not the Success
My Cause has found.

Port.

Port. I'm griev'd I undertook it.

Mar. What? do's the barb'rous Maid insult my Heart,
My akeing Heart! and triumph in my Pains?
'That I cou'd cast her from my Thoughts for ever!

Port. Away! you're too suspicious in your Griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of Love,
Compassionate's your Pains, and pitie's you.

Marc. Compassionate's my Pains, and pitie's me!
What is Compassion when 'tis void of Love!
Fool that I was to chuse so cold a Friend
To urge my Cause! Compassionate's my Pains!
Prithee what Art, what Rhet'rick did'st thou use
To gain this mighty Boon? She pitie's me!
To one that ask's the warm Returns of Love,
Compassion's Cruelty, 'tis Scorn, 'tis Death——

Port. *Marcus*, no more! have I deserv'd this Treatment?

Marc. What have I said! O *Portius*, O forgive me!
A Soul exasperated in Ills falls out
With ev'ry thing, its Friend, its self — But hah!
What means that Shout, big with the Sounds of War?
What new Alarm?

Port. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the Winds, and comes more full upon us.

Marc. Oh, for some glorious Cause to fall in Battel!
Lucia, thou hast undone me! thy Disdain
Has broke my Heart: 'tis Death must give me Ease.

Port. Quick, let us hence; who knows if *Cato's* Life
Stand sure? O *Marcus*, I am warm'd, my Heart
Leaps at the Trumpet's Voice, and burns for Glory. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sempronius with the Leaders of the Mutiny.

Semp. At length the Winds are rais'd, the Storm blow's high,
Be it your Care, my Friends, to keep it up
In it's full Fury, and direct it right,
'Till it has spent it self on *Cato's* Head.
Mean while I'll herd among his Friends, and seem

One of the Number, that whate'er arrive,
My Friends and Fellow-Soldiers may be safe.

I *Lead*. We all are safe, *Sempronius* is our Friend,
Sempronius is as brave a Man as *Cato*.

But heark! he Enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast:
This Day will end our Toils, and give us Rest;
Fear nothing, for *Sempronius* is our Friend.

Enter Cato, Sempronius, Lucius, Portius, and Marcus.

Cato. Where are these bold intrepid Sons of War,
That greatly turn their Backs upon the Foe,
And to their General send a brave Defiance?

Semp. Curse on their Dastard Souls, they stand astonish'd!
[*Aside*.

Cato. Perfidious Men! and will you thus dishonour
Your past Exploits, and fully all your Wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a Zeal for *Rome*,
Nor Love of Liberty, nor Thirst of Honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the Spoil
Of conquer'd Towns, and plunder'd Provinces?
Fired with such Motives you do well to join
With *Cato's* Foes, and follow *Cæsar's* Banners.
Why did I 'scape the invenom'd Aspic's Rage,
And all the fiery Monsters of the Desert,
To see this Day? Why cou'd not *Cato* fall
Without your Guilt? Behold, ungrateful Men,
Behold my Bosom naked to your Swords,
And let the Man that's injured strike the Blow.
Which of you all suspect's that he is wrong'd,
Or think's he suffer's greater Ills than *Cato*?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by Toils,
Superior Toils, and heavier Weight of Cares!
Painful Pre-eminence!

Semp. By Heav'n's they droop!
Confusion to the Villains! All is lost.

[*Aside*.
Cato.

Cato. Have you forgotten *Lybia's* burning Wast,
 Its barren Rocks, parch'd Earth, and Hills of Sand,
 Its tainted Air, and all its Broods of Poison?
 Who was the first to explore th' untrodden Path,
 When Life was hazarded in ev'ry Step?
 Or, fainting in the long laborious March,
 When on the Banks of an unlook'd-for Stream
 You sunk the River with repeated Draughts,
 Who was the last in all your Host that thirsted?

Semp. If some penurious Source by chance appear'd,
 Scanty of Waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
 And offer'd the full Helmet up to *Cato*,
 Did not he dash th' untasted Moisture from him?
 Did not he lead you through the Mid-day Sun,
 And Clouds of Dust? Did not his Temples glow
 In the same sultry Winds, and scorching Heats?

Cato. Hence worthless Men! Hence! and complain to *Cæsar*
 You could not undergo the Toils of War,
 Nor bear the Hardships that your Leader bore.

Luc. See, *Cato*, see th' unhappy Men! they weep!
 Fear, and Remorse, and Sorrow for their Crime,
 Appear in ev'ry Look, and plead for Mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honest Men, give up your Leaders,
 And Pardon shall descend on all the rest.

Semp. *Cato*, commit these Wretches to my Care.
 First let 'em each be broken on the Rack,
 Then, with what Life remain's, impaled, and left
 To writhe at leisure round the bloody Stake.
 There let 'em hang, and taint the Southern Wind.
 The Partners of their Crime will learn Obedience,
 When they look up and see their Fellow-Traitors
 Stuck on a Fork, and black'ning in the Sun.

Luc. Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the Fate
 Of wretched Men?

Semp. How! wou'dst thou clear Rebellion!
Lucius, (good Man) pitie's the poor Offenders
 That wou'd imbrue their Hands in *Cato's* Blood.

Cato. Forbear, *Sempronius!* — See they suffer Death,
But in their Deaths remember they are Men.
Strain not the Laws to make their Tortures grievous.

Lucius, the base degenerate Age requires
Severity and Justice in its Rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending World,
Command's Obedience, and give's Force to Laws.
When by just Vengeance guilty Mortals perish,
The Gods behold their Punishment with Pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted Thunder-Bolt aside.

Semp. Cato, I execute thy Will with Pleasure.

Cato. Mean-while we'll sacrifice to Liberty.
Remember, O my Friends, the Laws, the Rights,
The gen'rous Plan of Power deliver'd down,
From Age to Age, by your renown'd Forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the Price of so much Blood)
O let it never perish in your Hands!
But piously transmit it to your Children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our Souls,
And make our Lives in thy Possession happy,
Or our Deaths glorious in thy just Defence. [*Exe. Cato, &c.*]

Sempronius and the Leaders of the Mutiny.

1 *Lead. Sempronius*, you have acted like your Self,
One wou'd have thought you had been half in Earnest.

Semp. Villain, stand off! base grov'ling worthless Wretches,
Mongrils in Faction, poor faint-hearted Traitors!

2 *Lead.* Nay, now you carry it too far, *Sempronius*:
Throw off the Mask, there are none here but Friends.

Semp. Know, Villains, when such paltry Slaves presume
To mix in Treason, if the Plot succeed's,
They're thrown neglected by: But if it fail's,
They're sure to die like Dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious Monsters, dragg 'em forth
To sudden Death.

Enter

Enter Guards.

Lead. Nay, since it comes to this—

Semp. Dispatch 'em quick, but first pluck out their Tongues,
Least with their dying Breath they sow Sedition.

[Exeunt Guards with the Leaders.]

Enter Syphax.

Syph. Our first Design, my Friend, has proved abortive;
Still there remains an After-game to play:

My Troops are mounted; their *Numidian* Steeds
Snuff up the Wind, and long to scow'r the Desert:
Let but *Sempronius* head us in our Flight,
We'll force the Gate where *Marcus* keeps his Guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our Passage.
A Day will bring us into *Cæsar's* Camp.

Semp. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my Purpose.

Marcia, the charming *Marcia's* left behind!

Syph. How? will *Sempronius* turn a Woman's Slave!

Semp. Think not thy Friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly Warmth, and Tendernefs of Love.

Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty Maid,
And bend her stubborn Virtue to my Passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

Syph. Well said! that's spoken like thy self, *Sempronius*.
What hinder's then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly Force?

Semp. But how to gain Admission? for Access
Is giv'n to none but *Juba*, and her Brothers.

Syph. Thou shalt have *Juba's* Dress, and *Juba's* Guards:
The Doors will open, when *Numidia's* Prince
Seem's to appear before the Slaves, that watch them.

Semp. Heav'ns, what a Thought is there! *Marcia's* my own!
How will my Bosom swell with anxious Joy,

When I behold her struggling in my Arms,
With glowing Beauty, and disorder'd Charms,
While Fear and Anger, with alternate Grace,
Pant in her Breast, and vary in her Face!
So *Pluto*, seiz'd of *Proserpine*, convey'd
To Hell's tremendous Gloom th' affrighted Maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous Prize,
Nor envy'd *Jove* his Sun-shine and his Skies.

End of the Third Act.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. **N**OW tell me, *Marcia*, tell me from thy Soul,
If thou believ'st it possible for Woman
To suffer greater Ills than *Lucia* suffers?

Marc. O *Lucia*, *Lucia*, might my big swoln Heart
Vent all its Griefs, and give a Loose to Sorrow:

Marcia cou'd answer thee in Sighs, keep Pace
With all thy Woes, and count out Tear for Tear.

Luc. I know thou'rt doom'd alike, to be belov'd
By *Juba*, and thy Father's Friend *Sempronius*;
But which of these has Pow'r to charm like *Portius*!

Marc. Still must I beg thee not to name *Sempronius*?

Lucia, I like not that loud boist'rous Man:

Juba to all the Brav'ry of a Heroe
Adds softest Love, and more than Female Sweetness;
Juba might make the proudest of our Sex,
Any of Woman-kind, but *Marcia*, happy.

Luc. And why not *Marcia*? Come, you strive in vain
To hide your Thoughts from one, who know's too well
The inward Glowings of a Heart in Love.

Marc. While *Cato* live's, his Daughter has no Right
To love or hate, but as his Choice directs.

Luc. But shou'd this Father give you to *Sempronius*?

Marc. I dare not think he will: but if he shou'd—
Why wilt thou add to all the Griefs I suffer
Imaginary Ills, and fancy'd Tortures?

I hear the Sound of Feet ! they march this Way !
 Let us retire, and try if we can drown
 Each softer Thought in Sense of present Danger.
 When Love once plead's Admission to our Hearts
 (In spite of all the Virtue we can boast)
 The Woman that Deliberates is lost.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sempronius, dress'd like Juba, with Numidian Guards.

Semp. The Deer is lodg'd. I've trackt her to her Covert.
 Be sure you mind the Word, and when I give it,
 Rush in at once, and seize upon your Prey.
 Let not her Cries or Tears have Force to move you.
 —How will the young *Numidian* rave, to see
 His Mistress lost? If aught cou'd glad my Soul,
 Beyond th' Enjoyment of so bright a Prize,
 'Twou'd be to torture that young, gay, Barbarian.
 —But hark, what Noise! Death to my Hopes! 'tis he,
 'Tis *Juba's* self! there is but one Way left——
 He must be murder'd, and a Passage cut
 Through those his Guards.—Hah, Dastards, do you tremble !
 Or act like Men, or by yon azure Heav'n——

Enter Juba.

Jub. What do I see? Who's this that dares usurp
 The Guards and Habits of *Numidia's* Prince?

Semp. One that was born to scourge thy Arrogance,
 Presumptuous Youth!

Jub. What can this mean? *Sempronius!*

Semp. My Sword shall answer thee. Have at thy Heart.

Jub. Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbrous Man!

[*Semp. falls. His Guards surrender.*]

Semp. Curse on my Stars! Am I then doom'd to fall
 By a Boy's Hand? disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian Dress, and for a worthless Woman?
 Gods, I'm Distracted! This my Close of Life!

O for a Peal of Thunder that wou'd make
Earth, Sea, and Air, and Heav'n, and *Cato* tremble! [*Dies.*

Juba. With what a Spring his furious Soul broke loose,
And left the Limbs still quiv'ring on the Ground!

Hence let us carry off those Slaves to *Cato*,

That we may there at length unravel all

This dark Design, this Mystery of Fate.

[*Exit Juba with Prisoners, &c.*]

Enter Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. Sure 'twas the Clash of Swords; my troubled Heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its Sorrows,
It throb's with Fear, and ake's at ev'ry Sound.

O *Marcia*, shou'd thy Brothers for my Sake! —

I die away with Horror at the Thought.

Marc. See, *Lucia*, see! here's Blood! here's Blood and
Murder!

Hah! a *Numidian*! Heav'ns preserve the Prince:

The Face lie's muffled up within the Garment.

But hah! Death to my Sight! a Diadem,

And Purple Robes! O Gods! 'tis he, 'tis he,

Juba, the loveliest Youth that ever warm'd

A Virgin's Heart, *Juba* lie's dead before us!

Luc. Now *Marcia*, now call up to thy Assistance

Thy wonted Strength, and Constancy of Mind;

Thou can'st not put it to a greater Tryal.

Marc. *Lucia*, look there, and wonder at my Patience.

Have I not cause to rave, and beat my Breast,

To rend my Heart with Grief, and run distracted!

Luc. What can I think or say to give thee Comfort?

Mar. Talk not of Comfort, 'tis for lighter Ills:

Behold a Sight, that strike's all Comfort dead.

Enter Juba listening.

I will indulge my Sorrows, and give way

To all the Pangs and Fury of Despair,

That Man, that best of Men, deserv'd it from me.

Juba.

Juba. What do I hear? and was the false *Sempronius*
That best of Men? O had I fall'n like him,
And cou'd have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy!

Luc. Here will I stand, Companion in thy Woes,
And help thee with my Tears; when I behold
A Loss like thine, I half forget my own.

Marc. 'Tis not in Fate to ease my tortured Breast.
This empty World, to me a joyless Desert,
Has nothing left to make poor *Marcia* happy.

Juba. I'm on the Rack! Was he so near her Heart?

Marc. Oh he was all made up of Love and Charms,
Whatever Maid cou'd wish, or Man admire:
Delight of ev'ry Eye! When he appear'd,
A secret Pleasure gladned all that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest *Roman* blush'd
To hear his Virtues, and old Age grew wise.

Juba. I shall run Mad——

Marc. O *Juba*! *Juba*! *Juba*!

Juba. What means that Voice? did she not call on *Juba*?

Marc. Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.

Lucia, who know's but his poor bleeding Heart
Amidst its Agonies, remember'd *Marcia*,
And the last Words he utter'd call'd me Cruel!
Alas, he knew not, hapless Youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole Soul was full of Love and *Juba*!

Juba. Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What *Marcia* think's! all is *Elisium* round me!

Marc. Ye dear Remains of the most lov'd of Men!
Nor Modesty nor Virtue here forbid
A last Embrace, while thus——

Juba. See, *Marcia*, see,
The happy *Juba* live's! he live's to catch
That dear Embrace, and to return it too
With mutual Warmth and Eagerness of Love.

Marc. With Pleasure and Amaze, I stand transported!

Sure 'tis a Dream! Dead and Alive at once!
If thou art *Juba*, who lies there?

Jub. A Wretch,
Disguised like *Juba* on a curs'd Design.
The Tale is long, nor have I heard it out,
Thy Father know's it all. I cou'd not bear
To leave thee in the Neighbourhood of Death,
But flew, in all the haste of Love, to find thee.
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am wrap'd with Joy to see my *Marcia's* Tears.

Marc. I've been surprized in an unguarded Hour,
But must not now go back: The Love, that lay
Half smother'd in my Breast, has broke through all
Its weak Restraints, and burn's in its full Lustre,
I cannot, if I wou'd, conceal it from thee.

Jub. I'm lost in Extasie! and do'st thou love,
Thou charming Maid?

Marc. And do'st thou live to ask it?

Jub. This, this is Life indeed! Life worth preserving!
Such Life as *Juba* never felt till now!

Marc. Believe me, Prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know my self how much I lov'd thee.

Jub. O fortunate Mistake!

Marc. O happy *Marcia*!

Jub. My Joy! my best Beloved! my only Wish!
How shall I speak the Transport of my Soul!

Marc. *Lucia*, thy Arm! Oh let me rest upon it!-----
The Vital Blood, that had forsook my Heart,
Return's again in such tumultuous Tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my Apartment.
O Prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But Fate has wrested the Confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the Paths of Honour,
Thy Virtue will excuse my Passion for thee,
And make the Gods propitious to our Love. [*Ex. Marc. and Luc.*]

Jub. I am so blest'd, I fear 'tis all a Dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all

Thy past Unkindness. I absolve my Stars.
 What tho' *Numidia* add her conquer'd Towns
 And Provinces to swell the Victor's Triumph?
Juba will never at his Fate repine,
 Let *Cæsar* have the World, if *Marcia's* mine.

[Exit.

A March at a Distance.

Enter Cato and Lucius.

Luc. I stand astonish't! What, the bold *Sempronius*!
 That still broke foremost through the Croud of Patriots,
 As with a Hurricane of Zeal transported,
 And virtuous ev'n to Madness——

Cato. Trust me, *Lucius*,
 Our civil Discords have produced such Crimes,
 Such monstrous Crimes, I am surprized at nothing.
 —— O *Lucius*, I am sick of this bad World!
 The Day-light and the Sun grow painful to me.

Enter Portius.

But see where *Portius* come's! What mean's this Haste?
 Why are thy Looks thus changed?

Port. My Heart is griev'd.
 I bring such News as will afflict my Father.

Cato. Has *Cæsar* shed more *Roman* Blood?

Port. Not so.

The Traytor *Syphax*, as within the Square
 He exercis'd his Troops, the Signal giv'n,
 Flew off at once with his *Numidian* Horse
 To the South Gate, where *Marcus* holds the Watch.
 I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain,
 He toss'd his Arm aloft, and proudly told me,
 He wou'd not stay and perish like *Sempronius*.

Cato. Perfidious Men! But haste my Son, and see

Thy

Thy Brother *Marcus* act's a *Roman's* Part. [Exit *Portius*.]

—*Lucius*, the Torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice give's Way to Force: the conquer'd World
Is *Cæsar's*: *Cato* has no Buſineſs in it.

Luc. While Pride, Oppreſſion, and Injuſtice reign,
The World will ſtill demand her *Cato's* Preſence:
In Pity to Mankind, ſubmit to *Cæſar*,
And reconcile thy Mighty Soul to Life.

Cato. Wou'd *Lucius* have me live to ſwell the Number
Of *Cæſar's* Slaves, or by a baſe Submiſſion
Give up the Cauſe of *Rome*, and own a Tyrant?

Luc. The Victor never will impoſe on *Cato*
Ungen'rous Terms. His Enemies confeſs
The Virtues of Humanity are *Cæſar's*.

Cato. Curſe on his Virtues! They've undone his Country.
Such Popular Humanity is Treason——
But ſee young *Juba*! the good Youth appears
Full of the Guilt of his perfidious Subjects.

Luc. Alas, poor Prince! his Fate deſerves Compaſſion.

Enter *Juba*.

Jub. I bluſh, and am confounded to appear
Before thy Preſence, *Cato*.

Cato. What's thy Crime?

Jub. I'm a *Numidian*.

Cato. And a brave one too,
Thou haſt a *Roman* Soul.

Jub. Haſt thou not heard
Of my falſe Countrymen?

Cato. Alas, young Prince,
Falſhood and Fraud ſhoot up in ev'ry Soil,
The Product of all Climes——*Rome* has its *Cæſars*.

Jub. 'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the Diſtreſs'd.

Cato. 'Tis juſt to give Applauſe where 'tis deſerv'd;
Thy Virtue, Prince, has ſtood the Teſt of Fortune,
Like pureſt Gold, that, tortur'd in the Furnace,

Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its Weight.

Juba. What shall I answer thee? my ravish'd Heart
O'erflows with secret Joy: I'd rather gain
Thy Praise, O *Cato*, than *Numidia's* Empire.

Enter Portius hastily.

Port. Misfortune on Misfortune! Grief on Grief!
My Brother *Marcus*——

Cato. Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his Post? has he giv'n way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

Port. Scarce had I left my Father, but I met him
Born on the Shields of his surviving Soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with Wounds.
Long, at the Head of his few faithful Friends,
He stood the Shock of a whole Host of Foes,
Till obstinately Brave, and bent on Death,
Opprest with Multitudes, he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm satisfy'd.

Port. Nor did he fall before
His Sword had pierc'd through the false Heart of *Syphax*:
Yonder he lie's. I saw the hoary Traytor
Grin in the Pangs of Death, and bite the Ground.

Cato. Thanks to the Gods! my Boy has done his Duty.
——*Portius*, when I am dead, besure thou place
His Urne near mine.

Port. Long may they keep asunder!

Luc. O *Cato*, arm thy Soul with all its Patience;
See where the Corps of thy dead Son approaches!
The Citizens and Senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato meeting the Corps.

Cato. Welcome my Son! Here lay him down, my Friends,
Full in my Sight, that I may view at leisure

The

The bloody Coarse, and count those glorious Wounds.
 How beautiful is Death, when earn'd by Virtue!
 Who wou'd not be that Youth? what Pity is it
 That we can die but once to serve our Country!
 Why sit's this Sadness on your Brows, my Friends?
 I shou'd have blush'd if *Cato's* House had stood
 Secure, and flourish'd in a Civil War.

—*Portius*, behold thy Brother, and remember
 Thy Life is not thy own, when *Rome* demands it.

Juba. Was ever Man like this!

[*Aside*.

Cato. Alas my Friends!

Why mourn you thus? Let not a private Loss
 Afflict your Hearts. 'Tis *Rome* requires our Tears.
 The Mistress of the World, the Seat of Empire,
 The Nurse of Heroes, the Delight of Gods,
 That humbled the proud Tyrants of the Earth,
 And set the Nations free, *Rome* is no more.
 O Liberty! O Virtue! O my Country!

Juba. Behold that upright Man! *Rome* fills his Eyes
 With Tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead Son.

[*Aside*.

Cato. Whate'er the *Roman* Virtue has subdu'd,
 The Sun's whole Course, the Day and Year, are *Cæsar's*.
 For him the self-devoted *Decii* dy'd,
 The *Fabii* fell, and the great *Scipio's* conquer'd:
 Ev'n *Pompey* fought for *Cæsar*. Oh my Friends!
 How is the Toil of Fate, the Work of Ages,
 The *Roman* Empire fall'n! O curst Ambition!
 Fall'n into *Cæsar's* Hands! Our great Fore-Fathers
 Had left him nought to Conquer but his Country.

Juba. While *Cato* lives, *Cæsar* will blush to see
 Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of Empire.

Cato. *Cæsar* ashamed! Has not he seen *Pharsalia*!

Luc. *Cato*, 'tis Time thou save thy self and us.

Cato. Lose not a Thought on me. I'm out of Danger.
 Heav'n will not leave me in the Victor's Hand.
Cæsar shall never say I've conquer'd *Cato*.
 But oh! my Friends, your Safety fills my Heart

With

With anxious Thoughts: A thousand secret Terrors,
Rise in my Soul: How shall I save my Friends!
'Tis now, O *Cæsar*, I begin to fear thee.

Luc. *Cæsar* has Mercy, if we ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, *Cato* did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
That I my self, with Tears, request it of him,
The Virtue of my Friends may pass unpunish'd.

Juba, my Heart is troubled for thy Sake.
Shou'd I advise thee to regain *Numidia*,
Or seek the Conqueror?—

Jub. If I forsake thee
Whilst I have Life, may Heav'n abandon *Juba*!

Cato. Thy Virtues, Prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one Day make thee Great; at *Rome*, hereafter,
'Twill be no Crime to have been *Cato's* Friend.

Portius, draw near! My Son, thou oft hast seen
Thy Sire engaged in a corrupted State,
Wrestling with Vice and Faction: Now thou see'st me
Spent, overpow'r'd, despairing of Success;
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy Paternal Seat, the *Sabine* Field,
Where the great *Censor* toil'd with his own Hands,
And all our frugal Ancestors were blest'd
In humble Virtues, and a Rural Life.
There live retired, pray for the Peace of *Rome*,
Content thy self to be Obscurely good.
When Vice prevails, and impious Men bear Sway,
The Post of Honour is a private Station.

Port. I hope, my Father does not recommend
A Life to *Portius*, that he scorns himself.

Cato. Farewel, my Friends! if there be any of you
That dares not trust the Victor's Clemency,
Know there are Ships prepared by my Command,
(Their Sails already op'ning to the Winds)
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for Port.

Is there aught else, my Friends, I can do for you?
The Conqueror draws near. Once more Farewel!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier Climes, and on a safer Shore,
Where *Cæsar* never shall approach us more.
There the brave Youth, with Love of Virtue fired,
Who greatly in his Country's Cause expired,
Shall know he Conquer'd. The firm Patriot there
(Who made the Welfare of Mankind his Care)
Tho' still, by Faction, Vice, and Fortune, cross'd,
Shall find the gen'rous Labour was not lost.

[Pointing to
the Body of his
dead Son.

End of the Fourth Act.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cato solus, *sitting in a thoughtful Posture: In his Hand
Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn
Sword on the Table by him.*

IT must be so—*Plato*, thou reason'st well! —
Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond Desire,
This Longing after Immortality?
Or whence this secret Dread, and inward Horror,
Of falling into Nought? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on her self, and startles at Destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stir's within us;
'Tis Heav'n its self, that point's out an Hereafter,
And intimate's Eternity to Man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful, Thought!
Through what Variety of untry'd Being,
Through what new Scenes and Changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded Prospect, lie's before me;
But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her Works) He must delight in Virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when! or where!-- This World was made for *Cæsar*.
I'm weary of Conjectures— This must end 'em.

[Laying his Hand on his Sword.]

Thus

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my Death and Life,
 My Bane and Antidote are both before me:
 This in a Moment brings me to an End:
 But this inform's me I shall never die.
 The Soul, secur'd in her Existence, smile's
 At the drawn Dagger, and defie's its Point.
 The Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
 Grow dim with Age, and Nature sink in Years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal Youth,
 Unhurt amidst the War of Elements,
 The Wrecks of Matter, and the Crush of Worlds.

What means this Heaviness that hangs upon me?
 This Lethargy that creeps through all my Senses?
 Nature oppress'd, and harrass'd out with Care,
 Sinks down to Rest. This once I'll favour her.
 That my awaken'd Soul may take her Flight,
 Renew'd in all her Strength, and fresh with Life,
 An Offering fit for Heav'n. Let Guilt or Fear
 Disturb Man's Rest: *Cato* knows neither of 'em,
 Indifferent in his Choice to sleep or die.

Enter Portius.

But hah! how's this, my Son? Why this Intrusion?
 Were not my Orders that I wou'd be private?
 Why am I disobey'd?

Port. Alas, my Father!

What means this Sword? this Instrument of Death?
 Let me convey it hence!

Cato. Rash Youth, forbear!

Port. O let the Prayers, th' Entreaties of your Friends,
 Their Tears, their common Danger wrest it from you.

Cato. Wou'd'st thou betray me? Wou'd'st thou give me up
 A Slave, a Captive, into *Cæsar's* Hands?
 Retire, and learn Obedience to a Father,
 Or know, young Man! —

I

Port.

Port. O Sir, forgive your Son,
 Whose Grief hangs heavy on him! O my Father!
 How am I sure it is not the last Time
 I e'er shall call you so! Be not displeased,
 O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
 And, in the Anguish of my Heart, beseech you
 To quit the dreadful Purpose of your Soul.

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful. [*Embracing him.*
 Weep not, my Son. All will be well again.
 The righteous Gods, whom I have fought to please,
 Will succour *Cato*, and preserve his Children.

Port. Your Words give Comfort to my drooping Heart.

Cato. *Portius*, thou may'st rely upon my Conduct.
 Thy Father will not act what misbecome's him.
 But go, my Son, and see if aught be wanting
 Among thy Father's Friends; see them embarked;
 And tell me if the Winds and Seas befriend them.
 My Soul is quite weigh'd down with Care, and asks
 The soft Refreshment of a Moment's Sleep. [*Exit.*

Port. My Thoughts are more at Ease, my Heart revives.

Enter Marcia.

O *Marcia*, O my Sister, still there's Hope!
 Our Father will not cast away a Life
 So needful to us all, and to his Country.
 He is retired to Rest, and seems to cherish
 Thoughts full of Peace. He has dispatcht me hence
 With Orders, that bespeak a Mind composed,
 And studious for the Safety of his Friends.

Marcia, take care that none disturb his Slumbers. [*Exit.*

Marc. O ye immortal Powers, that guard the Good,
 Watch round his Couch, and soften his Repose,
 Banish his Sorrows, and becalm his Soul
 With easie Dreams; remember all his Virtues!
 And show Mankind that Goodness is your Care.

Enter

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Where is your Father, *Marcia*, where is *Cato*?

Marc. *Lucia*, speak low, he is retired to Rest.

Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning Hope
Rise in my Soul. We shall be happy still.

Luc. Alas, I tremble when I think on *Cato*,
In every View, in every Thought I tremble!
Cato is stern, and awful as a God;
He knows not how to wink at humane Frailty,
Or pardon Weakness, that he never felt.

Marc. Though stern and awful to the Foes of *Rome*,
He is all Goodness, *Lucia*, always mild,
Compassionate, and gentle to his Friends.
Fill'd with Domestick Tenderness, the best,
The kindest Father! I have ever found him
Easie, and good, and bounteous to my Wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his Consent alone can make us blest'd.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplex'd, Distress.
The cruel Hand of Fate, that has destroy'd
Thy Brother *Marcus*, whom we both lament——

Marc. And ever shall lament, unhappy Youth!

Luc. Has set my Soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my Vow. But who knows *Cato's* Thoughts?
Who know's how yet he may dispose of *Portius*,
Or how he has determin'd of his self?

Marc. Let him but live! commit the rest to Heav'n.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sweet are the Slumbers of the virtuous Man!
O *Marcia*, I have seen thy Godlike Father:
Some Pow'r invisible support's his Soul,
And bear's it up in all its wonted Greatness.
A kind refreshing Sleep is fall'n upon him:

I saw him stretcht at Ease, his Fancy lost
 In pleasing Dreams ; as I drew near his Couch,
 He smiled, and cry'd, *Cæsar* thou can'st not hurt me.

Marc. His Mind still labour's with some dreadful Thought.

Luc. Lucia, why all this Grief, these Floods of Sorrow ?
 Dry up thy Tears, my Child, we all are safe
 While *Cato* lives——His Presence will protect us.

Enter Juba.

Juba. Lucius, the Horsemen are return'd from viewing
 The Number, Strength, and Posture of our Foes,
 Who now encamp within a short Hour's March.
 On the high Point of yon bright Western Tower
 We kenn them from afar, the setting Sun
 Plays on their shining Arms and burnish'd Helmets,
 And cover's all the Field with Gleams of Fire.

Luc. Marcia, 'tis time we shou'd awake thy Father.
Cæsar is still disposed to give us Terms,
 And waits at Distance 'till he hears from *Cato*.

Enter Portius.

Portius, thy Looks speak somewhat of Importance.
 What Tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see
 Unusual Gladness sparkling in thy Eyes.

Port. As I was hastning to the Port, where now
 My Father's Friends, impatient for a Passage,
 Accuse the ling'ring Winds, a Sail arrived
 From *Pompey's* Son, who through the Realms of *Spain*
 Call's out for Vengeance on his Father's Death,
 And rouse's the whole Nation up to Arms.
 Were *Cato* at their Head, once more might *Rome*
 Assert her Rights, and claim her Liberty.
 But heark! What mean's that Groan! O give me way,
 And let me fly into my Father's Presence.

Luc. Cato, amidst his Slumbers, thinks on *Rome*,
 And in the wild Disorder of his Soul

C A T O.

Mourn's o'er his Country ; Hah ! a second Groan !——
Heav'n guard us all——

Marc. Alas, 'tis not the Voice
Of one who sleep's ! 'tis agonizing Pain,
'Tis Death is in that Sound——

Re-enter Portius.

Port. O Sight of Woe !
O *Marcia*, what we fear'd is come to pass !
Cato is fall'n upon his Sword——

Luc. O *Portius*,
Hide all the Horrors of thy mournful Tale,
And let us guess the rest

Port. I've rais'd him up,
And placed him in his Chair, where pale, and faint,
He gasp's for Breath, and, as his Life flow's from him,
Demand's to see his Friends.

His weeping Servants,
Obsequious to his Orders, bear him hither.

[*The Back Scene opens, and discovers Cato.*

Marc. O Heav'n assist me in this dreadful Hour
To pay the last sad Duties to my Father.

Juba. These are thy Triumphs, thy Exploits, O *Cesar* !

Luc. Now is *Rome* fall'n indeed ! -----

[*Cato brought forward in his Chair.*

Cato. Here set me down----

Portius come near me——are my Friends embark'd ?
Can any thing be thought of for their Service ?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.

——O *Lucius*, art thou here ?——Thou art too good !——
Let this our Friendship live between our Children ;
Make *Portius* happy in thy Daughter *Lucia*.

Alas poor Man, he weeps !——*Marcia*, my Daughter——

——O bend me forward !——*Juba* loves thee, *Marcia*.
A Senator of *Rome*, while *Rome* survived,

Wou'd

Wou'd not have match'd his Daughter with a King,
 But *Cæsar's* Arms have thrown down all Distinction;
 Whoe'er is Brave and Virtuous, is a *Roman*——
 ——I'm sick to Death——O when shall I get loose
 From this vain World, th' Abode of Guilt and Sorrow!——
 ——And yet methinks a Beam of Light breaks in
 On my departing Soul. Alas, I fear
 I've been too hasty. O ye Pow'rs, that search
 The Heart of Man, and weigh his inmost Thoughts,
 If I have done amiss, impute it not!——
 The best may Erre, but you are Good, and----oh!

[*Dies.*

Luc. There fled the greatest Soul that ever warm'd
 A *Roman* Breast. O *Cato!* O my Friend!
 Thy Will shall be religiously observ'd.
 But let us bear this awful Corps to *Cæsar*,
 And lay it in his Sight, that it may stand
 A Fence betwixt us and the Victor's Wrath;
Cato, tho' dead, shall still protect his Friends.

From hence, let fierce contending Nations know
 What dire Effects from Civil Discord flow.

'Tis this that shakes our Country with Alarms,
 And gives up *Rome* a Prey to *Roman* Arms,
 Produces Fraud, and Cruelty, and Strife,
 And robb's the Guilty World of *Cato's* Life.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

End of the Fifth Act.

EPILOGUE.

By Dr. GARTH.

Spoken by Mrs. Porter.

WHAT odd fantastick Things we Women do!
Who would not listen when young Lovers woo?
But die a Maid, yet have the Choice of Two!
Ladies are often cruel to their Cost;
To give you Pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of Virginity shou'd well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in Convents made.
Wou'd you revenge such rash Resolves —— you may:
Be spiteful —— and believe the thing we say.
We hate you when you're easily said Nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your Fears?
Let Love have Eyes, and Beauty will have Ears.
Our Hearts are form'd, as you your selves wou'd chuse,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
We give to Merit, and to Wealth we sell;
He sighs with most Success that settles well.
The Woes of Wedlock with the Joys we mix;
'Tis best repenting in a Coach and six.

Blame not our Conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively Lessons we have learn'd from you:
Your Breasts no more the Fire of Beauty warms,
But wicked Wealth usurps the Power of Charms;

What

EPILOGUE.

*What Power get the Gaudy Thing you hate,
To swell your Power, and be a Wretch in State!
At Play, at Juggle, at the Ring you bow;
Even Churches are no Sanctuaries now.
There, golden Idols all your Vows receive;
She is no Goddess that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy Age appear,
When Words were artless, and the Thoughts sincere;
When Gold and Grandeur were unenvy'd Things,
And Courts less coveted than Groves and Springs.
Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
And Constancy feel Transport in its Chains.
Sighs with Success their own soft Anguish tell,
And Eyes shall utter what the Lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright Station climb,
And Beauty fear no Enemy but Time.
The Fair shall listen to Desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's Son.*

F I N I S.

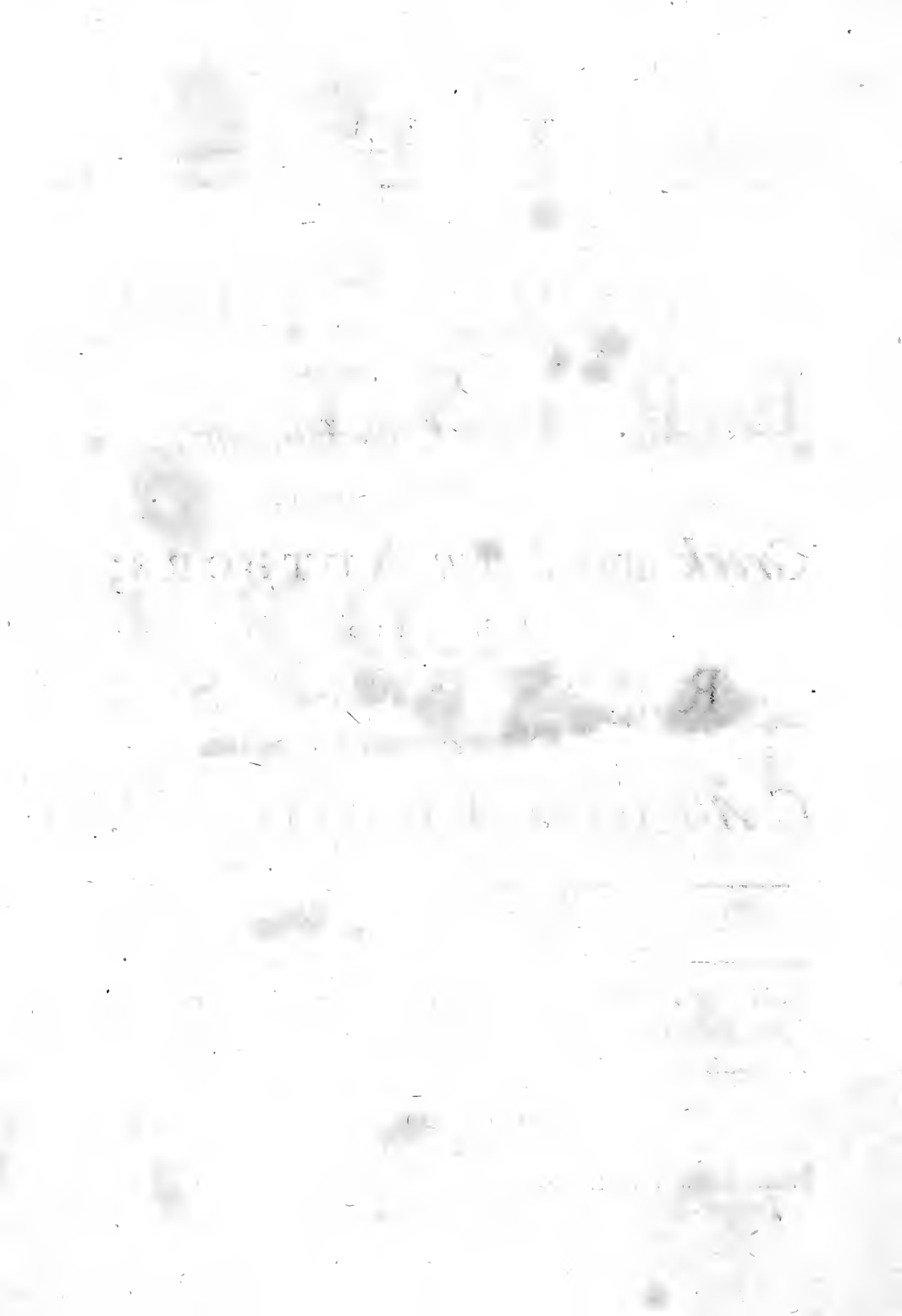
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TO THE
READER.

THIS small Tract (when the first Impression was Published) was collected and transcrib'd for the Press in Two Days: A Time that would scarce allow of turning over all the Books I had designed to consult for the making of Cato's Life the more compleat, much less of disposing the Matter in any tolerable Order, or correcting the Harshness of Style, or Impropriety of Language.

But since the Town has been pleased to skreen its Faults behind their impatient Desires to grow acquainted with Cato, and to receive it with that Indulgence, which must be owing alone to the Subject, and not the Merits of my Performance; I have endeavour'd, in this Edition, to make them some Return for their Good-nature, by striking out ma-

TO the READER.

ny of its former Imperfections, and working up the Character of Cato with more elevated Strokes of Passion; as far as my weak Capacity could improve the Ideas which I was furnished with by seeing the Tragedy of Cato.

I then found I had been defective in several Points of History, which would illustrate my own Work, and serve to explain some Scenes of the Play, not so well understood by that Part of an Audience who are not vers'd in the Roman Times.

I have to this End touch'd on the Characters of the Numidian Prince Juba, on Portius the Son of Cato, and on the Representation of our Hero's Death in Cæsar's Triumph, And on several other Hints that seem to have an immediate Relation to the Play.

On my own Part, I have nothing further to add; but venture to affirm, that this Account of Cato is fuller than can be met with in any One Author.

LEW. THEOBALD.

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